



RETROSPECT

1944

W. B. Partis



The RETROSPECT 1944

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—HARRIETT SIMMONS

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—MARY LOU HAMILTON

BUSINESS MANAGER—FRANCILE WORTHMAN

Dedication . . .

We are graduating during wartime. We know what it is like to watch last year's cap and gown grow into this year's uniform. We have seen laughing, carefree boys turn into hardened men with one purpose in life, and we have taken it in our stride. We have accepted it. We know why they are fighting. We know how serious their job may be—we have three gold stars to make us realize. We know how lonesome and heart-sick they may be, spread over the world's battlegrounds, out of sight, out of reach. But we know, too, that they will get that job done and come back to us. And meanwhile we shall not forget.

To those fighting boys of ours, then, we want to dedicate this book—our book of other things we can never forget. We wish it were a battleship or an airplane, but perhaps words and familiar faces have their place, too. If we can make one of those boys smile by what he reads or sees here, we are a success.

So handle this book carefully, please. It is not yours. It belongs to every man who fights our enemy. It is all we have to give.

We'll Never Forget

The Year 1944 . . .

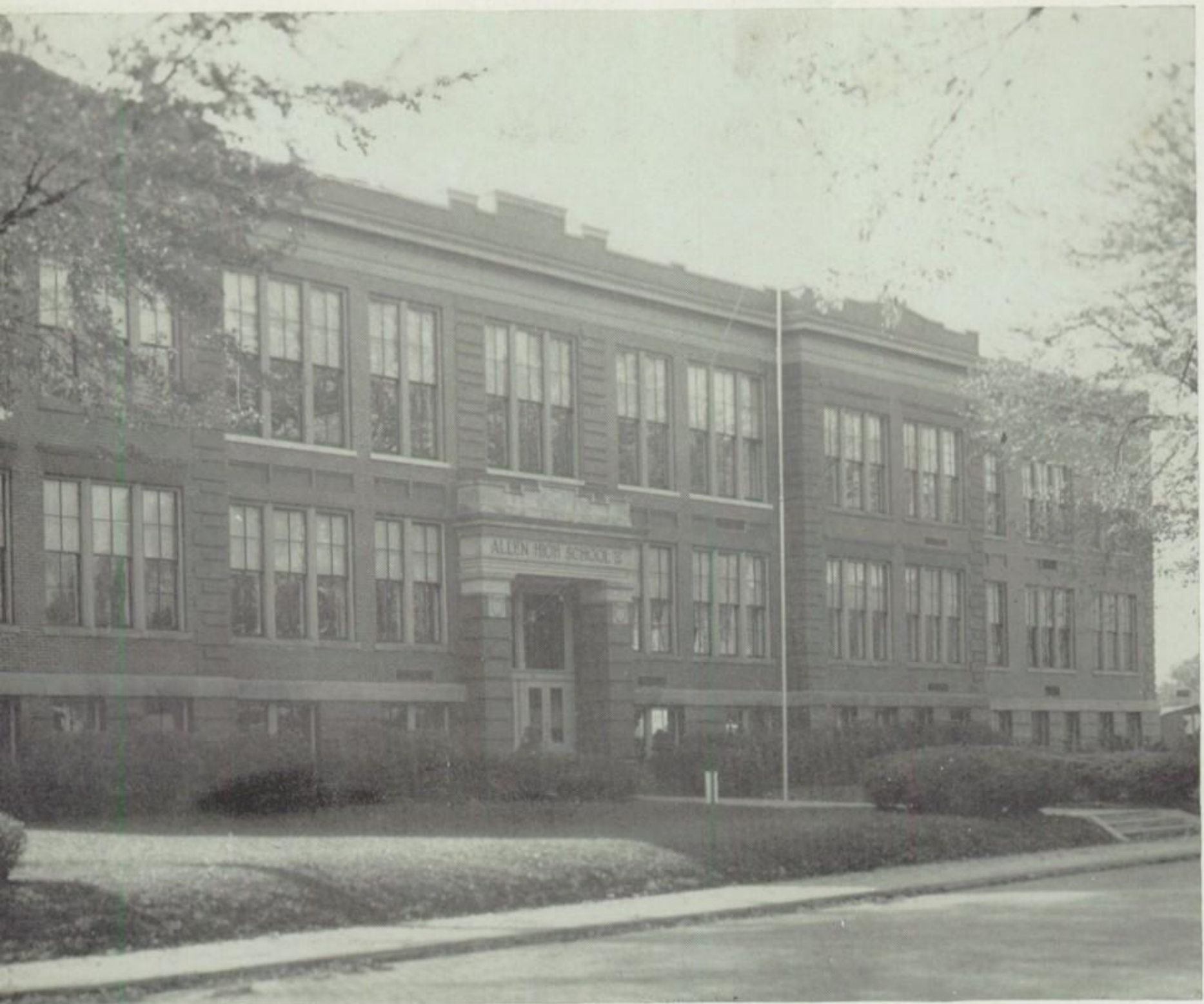
at Bluffton H. S. . . .

and

- *The Teachers we met . . .*
- *The Friends we made . . .*
- *The Good Times we had . . .*
- *The Games we played . . .*

A picture of three good-looking fellows with grins on their faces and serious thoughts in their minds—a picture that gives three good reasons why we'll win this war! J. Howard Markley, Army Air Corps; Jim Zoll, U. S. Marines; Don Scharlach, U. S. Navy. We have gone through school never suspecting we would see this day come; but now that it is here, we're proud to have them in it. We're proud to be their friends. We're just plain proud!





This is it: everything we have written and dreamed about here, something we'll never forget.

To you it seems just another building, but to us it personifies the glorious moments we experienced within its protective walls. Now that we are no longer sheltered, no longer taken care of, we shall find out how its principles become our principles. We shall see the gentle truths we have learned turn to steel; the facts, to experience. But Experience will have to bow down low, because we're on our way!

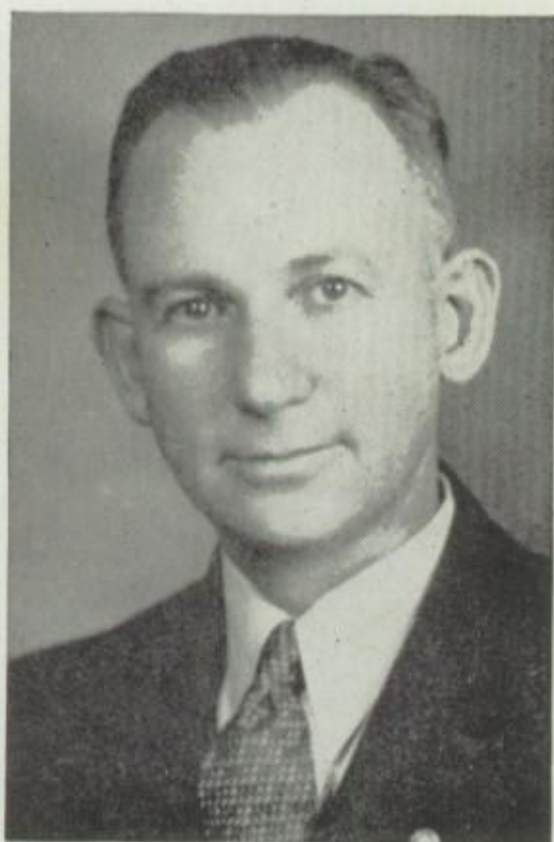
We've got a lot to remember.

And this is it.

BOARD OF EDUCATION



That's what we like about this group: they all have children who make them keep up with the jive talk. They're so very human about advising the "powers that be". Everything they recommend has always been carefully checked, both from our point of view and from a more practical side. But it's the "family man" idea that impresses us so. It is because these men understand us that we have enjoyed so many different opportunities.



Daughter Susie can make Mr. Gallman sit up and take notice, and as treasurer of the board he has made us do the same. Mr. Fitzpatrick, too, has two fine young boys as living examples (very living!) of how we feel and why. Perhaps that explains his fine work as the board secretary—he may have those two to keep track of, too. And certainly "Doc" Brickley knows about us, for his two sons have all of our ideas and tricks mastered! Therefore he represents someone who knows what he's talking about, and as president of our school board, he has proved our theory correct.



But no matter what the reason, we feel that this board is a very special one. These three men will be up on the stage with us as we graduate; one of them will give us our diplomas. And as we take those treasured scrolls, we shall be thinking of everything this school board has done for us. We shall not forget them. We couldn't.

WE'LL
NEVER
FORGET

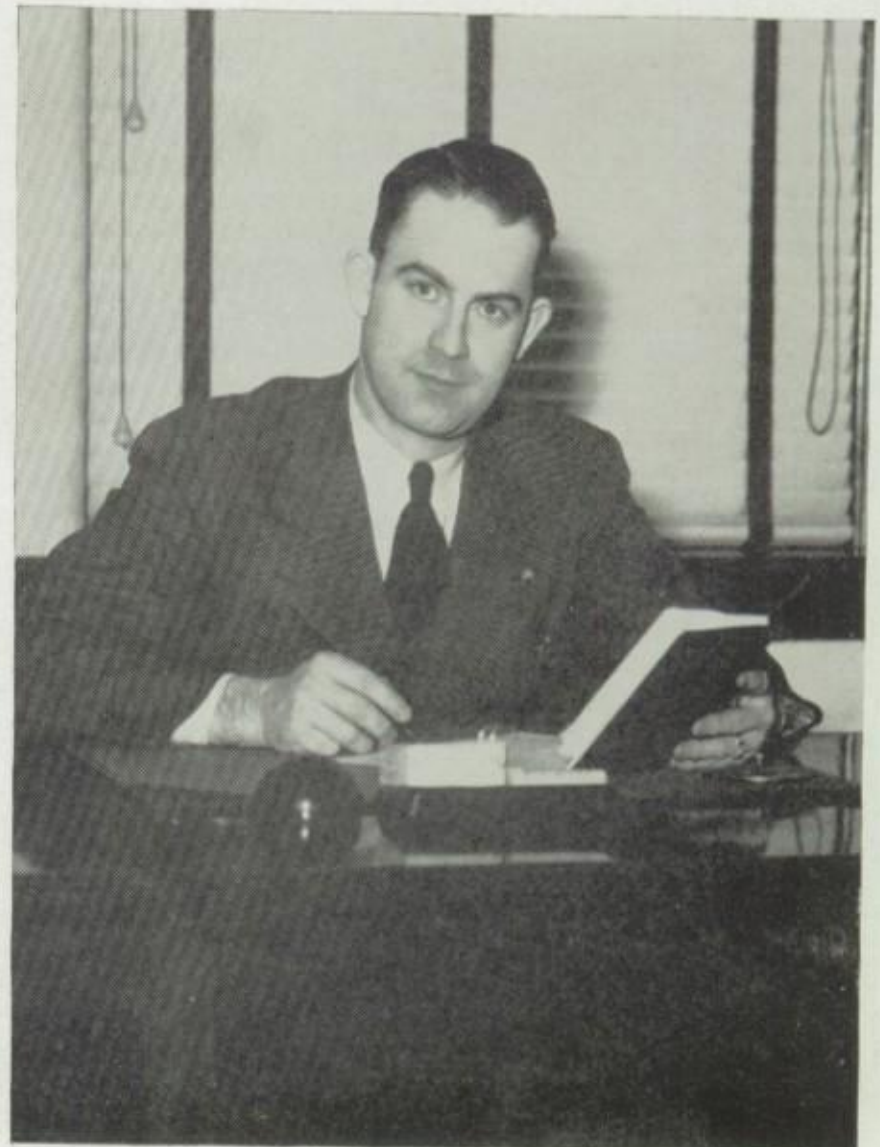


THE TEACHERS WE MET



Not many of us come into close contact with our superintendent, but it is Mr. Willey who keeps the wheels of the school machinery running smoothly. He's the man behind the scenes, the silent partner. Those of us who are privileged to know him realize that his interest in us is very personal. He has a son like us; he knows what we want and what is best for us. His son is stationed in England, waiting to fight for fun-loving kids—here in America Mr. Willey has been at it a long time. It's a man-to-man, shoulder-to-shoulder business with them. And that's the way Mr. Willey makes us feel: he's all for us—we're all for him!

Everyone knows Sam Woodruff! We know him as an efficient principal, as a laughing friend, as a willing organizer, and as an iron hand. But those who meet the "iron-hand" side soon realize their mistake, while those who win his faith are proud to share his confidence. And because everyone knows him, everyone likes him. The boys feel that he treats them squarely as fellow-men, while the girls think he is sincere and lots of fun. (And have you noticed his picture?) We're going to miss his cheery grin. We'll miss him!



FACULTY

Reading left to right:

Robert N. Bennett . . . Blanche Karns . . . Phebe Rogers . . . Martha Ray Cross . . . Joseph F. Larmore . . . Mary Shafer . . . Hubert Dubois . . . Mary Jane McCreery . . . Marie Swisher . . . Olive M. Grimsley . . . Edwin R. McNown . . . Lawrence E. Templin . . . Carol Harvey . . . Frederick F. Park . . . Lloyd A. Ulmer . . . Erma Hewitt . . . Margaret Powers . . . Ralph Wentz . . . W. C. Ratliff.

Teachers are funny people—they give so much and expect so little. After living through four years with them, we have long lists of wonderful memories that they have given us. So we want to thank them for making us happy teen-age kids! We want to thank:

Mary Shafer—for her untiring help at our parties and concessions and reception—for being such a grand pal to us all!

Joe Larmore—for those decorations and muscle-work he gave us—for just being a typical "guy named Joe."

Hubert Dubois—for our super basketball and track squads—for furnishing such pleasant scenery!

Blanche Karns—for her splendid job of putting sound ideas into our heads—for her unceasing Retrospect work—for her young-hearted opinions!

Fred Park—for his war work galore, including those weekly letters to our service men—for being such a big help on the business end of this book—for being someone we'll never forget!

W. C. Ratliff—for his financial handling of our class plays—for being a perfect example of "if students study, what they'll know."

Margaret Powers—for her National Honor Society work—for being so precise and exacting—for her very becoming clothes and her poise!

L. E. Templin—for a "rarin'-to-go" football team—for his innumerable first aid work—for being everyone's friend!

Ralph Wentz—for his interest in the agriculture boys—for numerous long-haul jobs to get our teams to the scene of action—for being such a good sport!

Erma Hewitt—for the countless time and energy spent in giving us G. R. and G. A. A. and class play assistance—for her lovely laughter that will always remind us of high school fun!

Martha Ray Cross—for her contagious good nature and pep—for her untiring help in anything we asked of her—for being so much fun and just "cute as a bug."

Mrs. McCreery—for stepping in when we needed her so much—for her planning of those lovely teas and dinners—for a sweet, cheery smile.

"Andy" McNown—for his hilarious demonstrations of solid dramatic ability at our class plays—for being so young-acting—for advising those tireless Juniors in their Comet work.

Lloyd Ulmer—for his persistence in the backing of our Hi-Y club—for always having a grin ready to greet us.

Robert Bennett—for the pep and initiative that he pours into the band—for being so attentive to our wishes.

Marie Swisher—for her decorative genius at our programs—for her lusty "Hello there!" to everyone she meets.

Olive M. Grimsley—for superb work in our music department—for directing many civic programs—for being so very versatile.

Phebe Rogers—for being young and sweet—for doing efficient work as secretary to the principal while being an understanding sympathizer with us.

Carol Harvey—for doing an excellent job in a pleasing manner—for being laugh provoking and streamlined.



SCHOOL

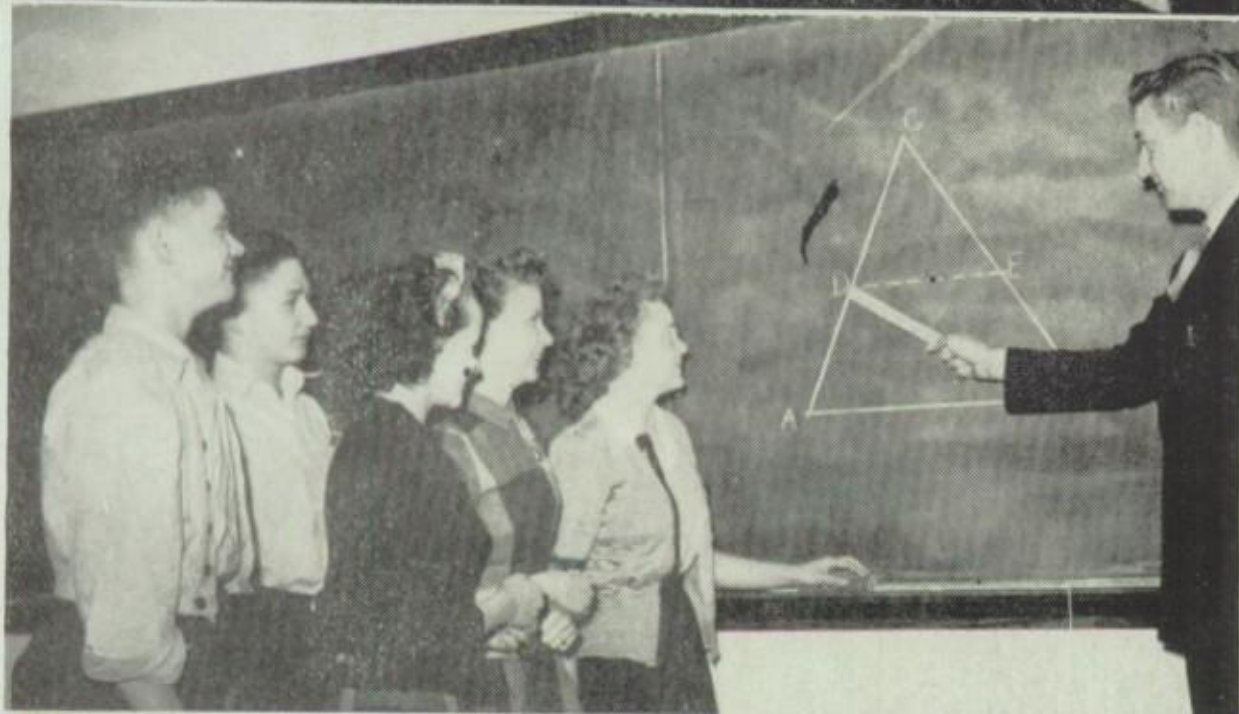
Although we are unaware of them, chemical changes and actions are constantly taking place all around us. Chemistry helps us understand more fully this complicated earth of ours.



Since we are living in the Machine Age, we find the study of electricity and all physical laws extremely interesting and valuable.



Our mathematics course, which includes algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, is a great asset to a student in any vocation he may undertake.



To those intending to enter the business world, our typing class offers valuable assistance. Under the competent instruction of Miss Shafer and Miss Powers, the students learn to type with speed and accuracy.



SCENES

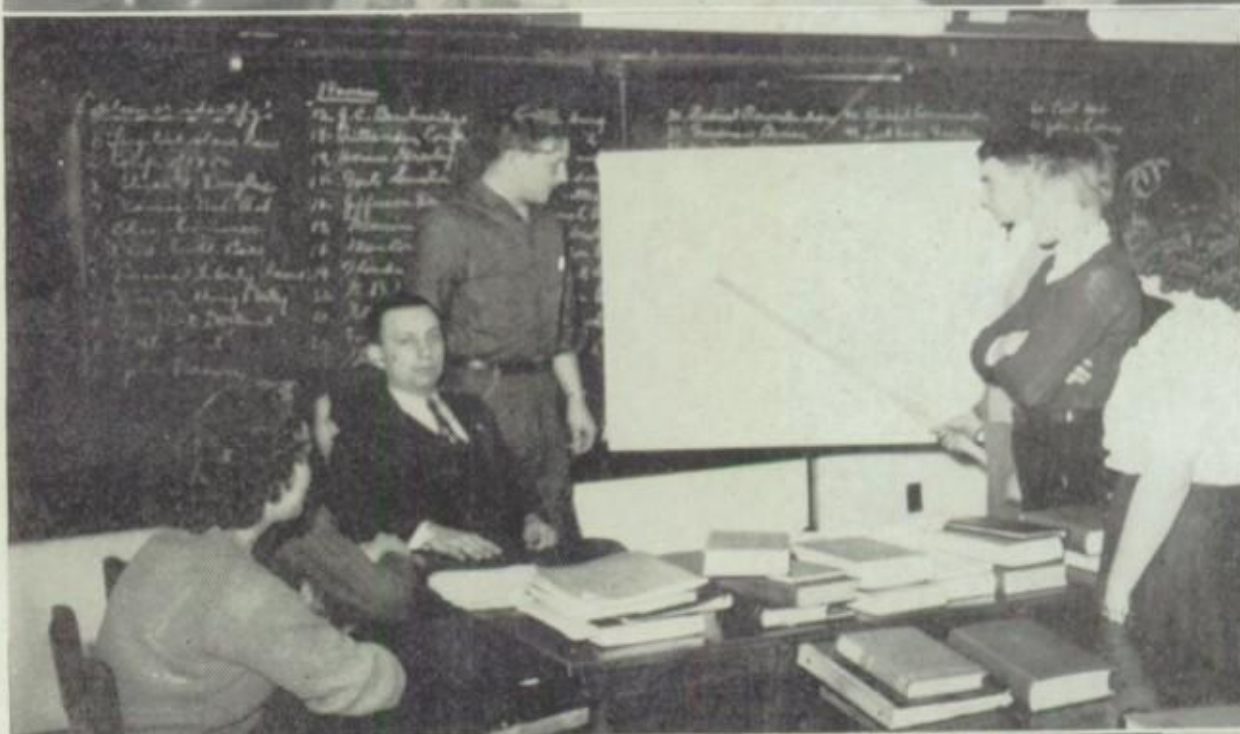
Those planning to go on to college get a good foundation in the Latin classes. Especially interesting are the works of Virgil and Cicero which are studied by third and fourth year Latin students.



Last year a Spanish class was started with Miss Powers as instructor, and it has become a favorite of many students. A play with Spanish dialogue was given by the class in February.



Because our generation will have the task of setting a war-weary world on its feet again, our knowledge of ancient and U. S. History is very essential.

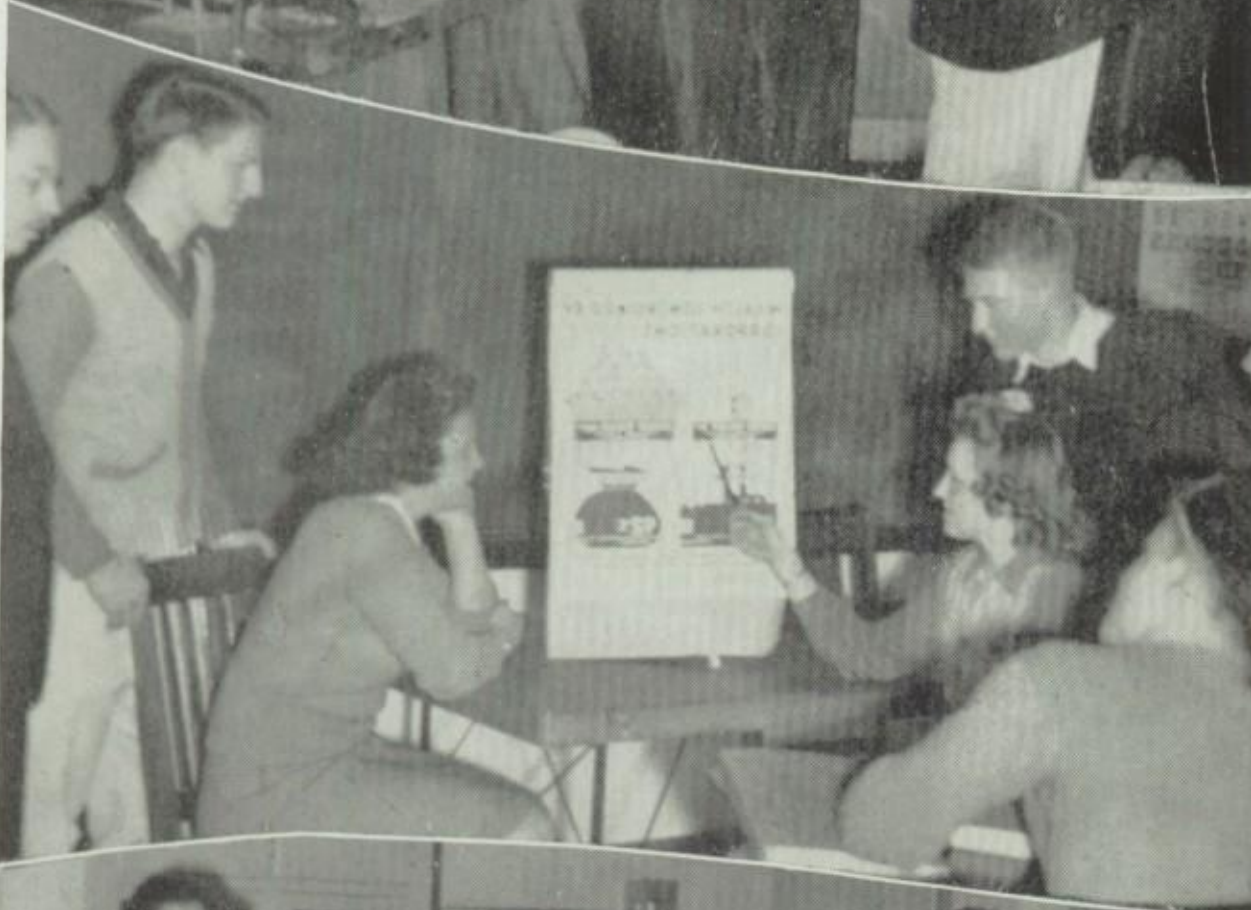


A favorite room of all students is the library. Here much-needed studying is done and reference books are used.





Boys interested in manual labor enjoy the Industrial Arts course, which offers work in wood, metal, and electricity.



Economics, along with civics, is important to all of us because it helps us prepare for governmental and economics problems which will one day confront us.



Our future home-makers get their training early in our Home Ec classes. This year, in addition to the regular courses in cooking and sewing, the girls took a course in child development.



Everyone will agree that English is definitely a "must" to all students. Study of grammar and literature helps us carry on intelligent conversation and get a solid cultural background.

WE'LL NEVER FORGET



THE FRIENDS WE MADE



Our class officers have covered a lot of territory during this last year—here they prove our point! Rex Scott, Athletic Council; Don Scharlach, President; Bobbie Brown, Treasurer; Francile Worthman, Secretary; and Forrest Woodward, Vice President, have priority on a flashy little coupe.

CLASS HISTORY

We may not have been greeted by a fanfare, a roll of drums, a ten-gun salute, or a flower-strewn carpet, but we'll have them all when we graduate. And behind us we'll leave four years packed with fun, frolic, friendship, and facts.

Those upper-classmen "wolves" at once tried to take over our freshmen gals—walked them to class, wrote them notes, and squealed up to them on Goodyear tires (now on display at the Field Museum). But they met with little response! Our first "evening out" turned into a picnic and a dancing class at the State Park and gave us a better opportunity to get acquainted. And besides being social-minded, we were also study-minded; just to prove it, Mildred Nickel and Buzzy Watrous took part in the state algebra contest.

As Sophs, we began the year with an uproarious shindig in the gym. We gobbled up hot dogs, drank cokes, romped through games, danced, and gathered laughingly around Mary and Joe. Our first financial venture was definitely a success, and people crowded into our rummage sale to buy up the bargains. We climaxed our second year with another trip to the state forest—transportation being furnished by the use of Ervin Zink's tractor and wagon. We were also accompanied by a nice little drizzle, but despite rain-soaked clothes and drooping hair, we had a lot of fun.

We began our Junior year with starry-eyed anticipation, and outlined a number of future events. Our mothers pitched in with angel-food cakes and all sorts of delicious things to put over our first bake sale. Then the hectic preparations for our class play began. "Plane Crazy" had a superb cast, efficient stage workers, and enormous ticket sales. We admit our heads grew somewhat larger! In February Mary Lou Hamilton, Bobbie Brown, Mildred Nickel, Don Scharlach, and Leon Schlotzhauer were elected to the National Honor Society. Not to be outdone were the "Supermen" of the class, our athletes. Major letters were awarded to Jim Zoll, Frosty Woodward, Jim Harnish, Max Harris, Smokey Baller, and Rex Coffield. Many of us joined the Victory Corps and helped back the attack by volunteering service to the ration board, by issuing ration books, and by helping in War Loan and Red Cross drives. The closing event of the year was our wonderful Junior-Senior reception. We transformed the gym into a Parisian night club, complete with sandwich bar, floor-show, and ring-side tables. Remember what a riot was caused by the comedy "dog show" put on by Zoll, Buroker, and Woodward?

Our senior activities began with the announcing of the Retrospect staff—did you notice the manpower shortage? Needing some additional finances, we presented the hilarious comedy, "Western Union, Please." We broke all ticket sale records and again proved our versatility. One of the important events of the year was the opening of El Canteeno. Everyone grabbed up the paint brushes and dust mops to make the Elks basement into a hangout all our own, where we could stuff ourselves and dance away the

(Continued on Page 22)

CLASS OF 1944

CHARLEEN ARNOLD . . .
General Course . . . Girl Re-
serve . . . Glee Award . . .
G. A. A. Award . . . Booster
Club . . . Art Club . . . Victory
Corps . . . "Mince Pie and
Pickles" . . . "The Three Bou-
quets."

GALE BALLER . . . Commer-
cial Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Bas-
ketball . . . Intramural . . .
Varsity Club.

GARL BAUMGARTNER . . .
General Course . . . Hi-Y . . .
Band . . . Varsity Club . . .
Track . . . Class Vice-President
. . . Graduated through an ac-
celerated course in order to en-
ter the United States Navy.

MILDRED JOHNSON BEN-
NETT . . . Commercial Course
. . . Girl Reserve . . . G. A. A.
Award . . . Glee Award . . .
"Mince Pie and Pickles."

DORIS BIBERSTINE . . . Gen-
eral Course . . . Girl Reserve
. . . Victory Corps . . . Class
Secretary . . . Band Award . . .
Retrospect Calendar Editor . . .
"Plane Crazy" . . . "Western
Union, Please."

BOBBIE BROWN . . . Academ-
ic Course . . . Girl Reserve Sec-
retary, President, and Vice-
President . . . Class Treasurer
. . . . Booster Club . . . Comet
. . . . Glee Club . . . Victory
Corps . . . National Honor So-
ciety . . . Retrospect Assistant
Business Manager . . . Quill
and Scroll . . . "Mince Pie and
Pickles."

HAROLD BUROKER . . . Aca-
demic Course . . . Hi-Y . . .
Basketball . . . Intramural . . .
Senior Rotarian.

BERTHA COBBUM . . . Home
Economics Course.

REX COFFIELD . . . General
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Intra-
mural Captain . . . Varsity Club
. . . Football . . . Track.

BETTY CONNER . . . Home
Economics Course . . . G. A. A.
. . . Retrospect Typist.





DICK COOK . . . General Course . . . Entered as a Senior from Fort Wayne, Indiana . . . Intramural . . . "Western Union, Please."

PHYLLIS COOK . . . General Course . . . Entered as a Junior from Fort Wayne, Indiana . . . G. A. A.



PAUL DOTTERER . . . General Course . . . Booster Club . . . Intramural Captain . . . Quill and Scroll . . . National Honor Society . . . "Plane Crazy" . . . "Western Union, Please" . . . Retrospect Circulation Manager.

ELIZABETH DUNWIDDIE . . . Academic Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Glee Club . . . Retrospect Assistant Literary Editor.



MERLIN DUNWIDDIE . . . Agriculture Course . . . 4-H Award . . . Varsity Club . . . Intramural . . . Softball . . . Football.

LOIS ELZEY . . . General Course . . . Glee Award . . . Girl Reserve . . . G. A. A.



ALBERTA FATE . . . Home Economics Course . . . Glee Club . . . 4-H Award . . . G. A. A.

WANDA GOSHORN . . . Academic Course . . . Entered as a Sophomore from Clay City, Indiana . . . Girl Reserve . . . Booster Club . . . Speech Club.



DICK GROVE . . . Vocational Industrial Course . . . Entered as a Freshman from Fort Wayne, Indiana . . . Sports Manager . . . Intramural . . . Victory Corps.

MARY LOU HAMILTON . . . Academic Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Glee Club . . . Victory Corps . . . National Honor Society . . . Booster Club . . . Quill and Scroll . . . Retrospect Associate Editor . . . G. A. A. . . . "Mince Pie and Pickles" "Plane Crazy."

JIM HARNISH . . . Academic
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Varsity
Club . . . Football . . . Track
. . . Basketball . . . Intramural
. . . Class Vice-President . . .
Senior Rotarian.

MAX HARRIS . . . General
Course . . . Band Award . . .
Varsity Club . . . Intramural
. . . Basketball . . . "Western
Union, Please."

JIM HIGGINS . . . Agriculture
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Athletic
Council . . . Intramural.

HOWARD HILL . . . Academic
Course . . . Comet . . . Intra-
mural . . . Victory Corps . . .
Hi-Y Vice-President . . . Senior
Rotarian . . . "Mince Pie and
Pickles" . . . "Plane Crazy"
. . . "Western Union, Please."

PAUL HUFFMAN . . . General
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Band . . .
Victory Corps . . . Senior Ro-
tarian.

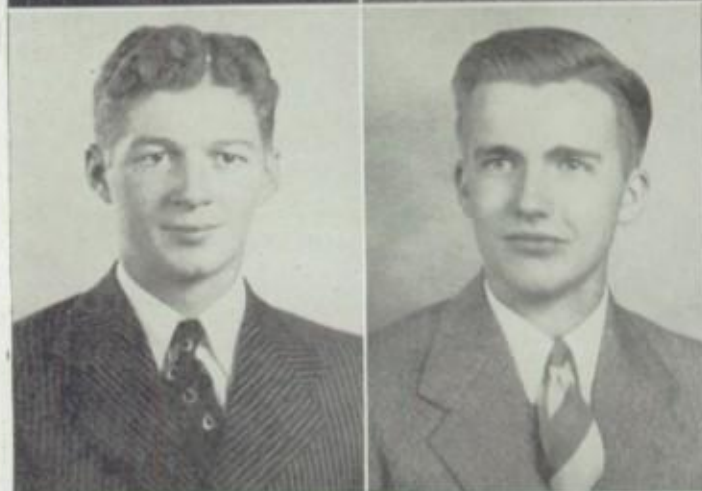
SHIRLEY IRVING . . . Gener-
al Course . . . Entered as a
Senior from Connorsville, In-
diana . . . Girl Reserve . . .
Glee Club . . . "Western Union,
Please."

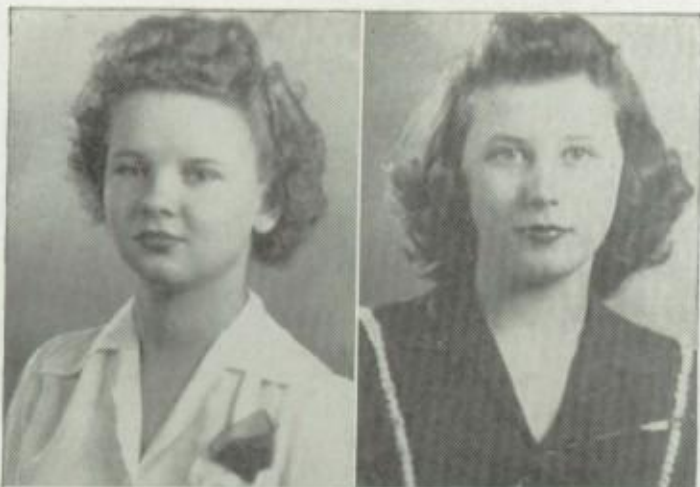
HAROLD IVINS . . . General
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Band
Award . . . Victory Corps . . .
Intramural Captain . . . "West-
ern Union, Please."

BARBARA JOHNSON . . .
General Course . . . Girl Re-
serve . . . Glee Award . . .
G. A. A. Award . . . Victory
Corps . . . Retrospect Calendar
Editor . . . National Honor So-
ciety . . . "Mince Pie and
Pickles" . . . "The Three Bou-
quets" . . . "Plane Crazy" . . .
"Western Union, Please."

WILMA KIEFER . . . General
Course . . . Band Award . . .
G. A. A. . . . "Plane Crazy."

EVELYN KNOX . . . General
Course . . . Girl Reserve . . .
Glee Award . . . "Western
Union, Please."





DORIS KYLE . . . General
Course . . . Girl Reserve . . .
Booster Club . . . Glee Award
. . . Comet . . . G. A. A. . . .
"Mince Pie and Pickles" . . .
"The Three Bouquets" . . .
"Plane Crazy" . . . "Western
Union, Please."

NORMA LEHMAN . . . Gener-
al Course . . . Girl Reserve . . .
Booster Club . . . Comet . . .
Glee Club . . . Band Award.



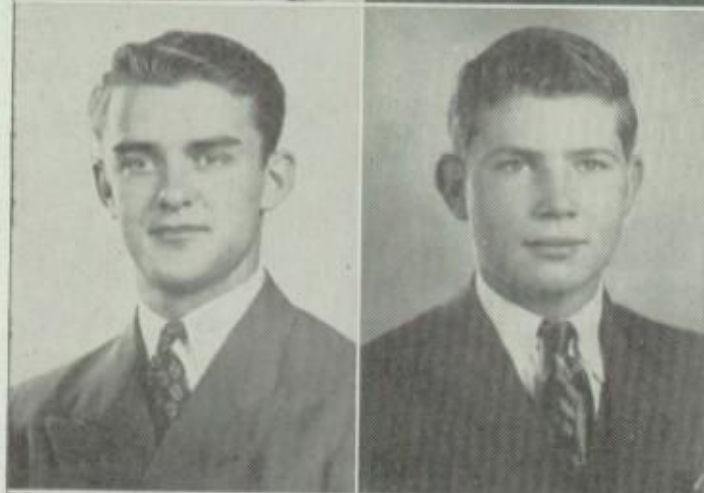
GLORIA MANGUS . . . Gen-
eral Course . . . Girl Reserve
. . . G. A. A. . . . Comet . . .
"Plane Crazy."

J. HOWARD MARKLEY . . .
General Course . . . Entered as
a Junior from Kearney, Ne-
braska . . . Hi-Y . . . Victory
Corps . . . Senior Rotarian . . .
"Western Union, Please."



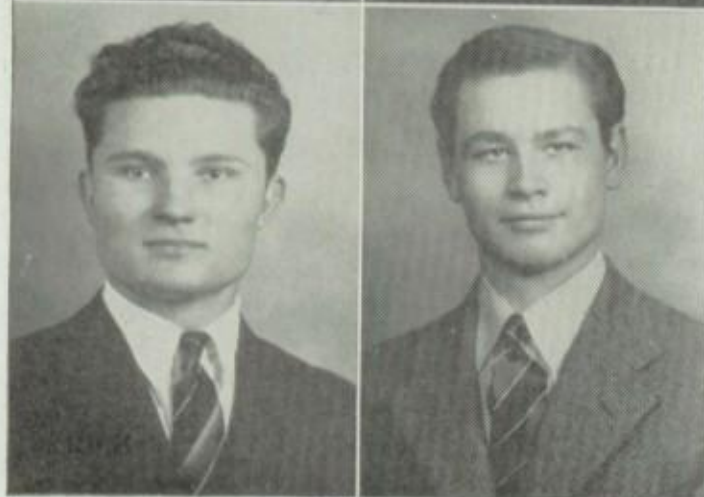
DOROTHY MEYER . . . Gen-
eral Course . . . Glee Club . . .
"Mince Pie and Pickles."

JUSTINE MEYER . . . Aca-
demic Course . . . Girl Reserve
. . . 4-H . . . Band Award . . .
G. A. A. . . . Victory Corps.



DICK MILLER . . . General
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Sports
Manager . . . Intramural . . .
Class President.

CLARENCE MOSSBURG . . .
General Course . . . Band
Award . . . Intramural Captain
. . . "Western Union, Please."



DICK McCLAIN . . . Academic
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Band
Award . . . Booster Club . . .
4-H Award . . . Victory Corps
. . . Intramural . . . "Plane
Crazy."

WILMER NASH . . . Commer-
cial Course.

MILDRED NICKEL . . . Academic Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Booster Club . . . Speech Club . . . National Honor Society . . . Psi Ote Ring . . . 4-H Award . . . Orchestra . . . Music Award . . . Class Secretary.

MARY JANE PENROD . . . Academic Course . . . Entered as a Junior from Chester Center . . . Girl Reserve.

MARY RANDOL . . . Commercial Course . . . Glee Club . . . G. A. A.

DALE REINECK . . . Academic Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Basketball . . . Varsity Club . . . Intramural . . . Victory Corps . . . "Plane Crazy."

DON SCHARLACH . . . General Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Varsity Club . . . Football . . . Intramural Captain . . . Victory Corps . . . Softball . . . Senior Rotarian . . . National Honor Society . . . Bob Hannie Memorial . . . Class President . . . "Plane Crazy."

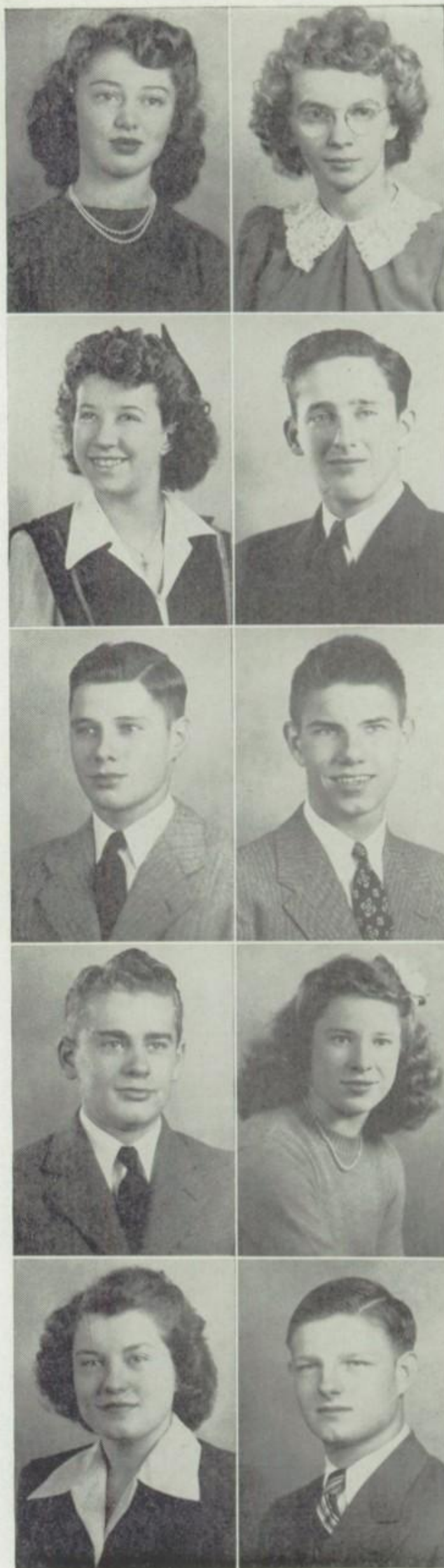
LEON SCHLOTZHAUER . . . Academic Course . . . Intramural . . . Comet . . . Victory Corps . . . Senior Rotarian . . . Hi-Y President . . . Class Vice-President . . . National Honor Society Vice-President . . . "Yours Truly Willie" . . . "Mince Pie and Pickles" . . . "Plane Crazy."

REX SCOTT . . . Academic Course . . . Intramural Captain . . . Athletic Council . . . Victory Corps . . . Retrospect Sports Editor . . . Senior Rotarian.

DORIS SHEETS . . . General Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Glee Club . . . G. A. A.

BETTY SHELLEY . . . Commercial Course . . . Booster Club . . . Glee Club . . . Victory Corps . . . Retrospect Typist . . . Girl Reserve Treasurer . . . National Honor Society.

BOB SHEPARD . . . Academic Course . . . Intramural Captain.





JANE SHIELDS . . . General Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Glee Award . . . Victory Corps . . . "Mince Pie and Pickles" . . . "The Three Bouquets."

HARRIETT SIMMONS . . . Academic Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Booster Club . . . Comet Editor . . . Press Club . . . Glee Club . . . Victory Corps . . . Class Secretary . . . Retrospect Editor-in-Chief . . . Quill and Scroll . . . National Honor Society . . . "Yours Truly Willie" . . . "Mince Pie and Pickles" . . . "Plane Crazy."



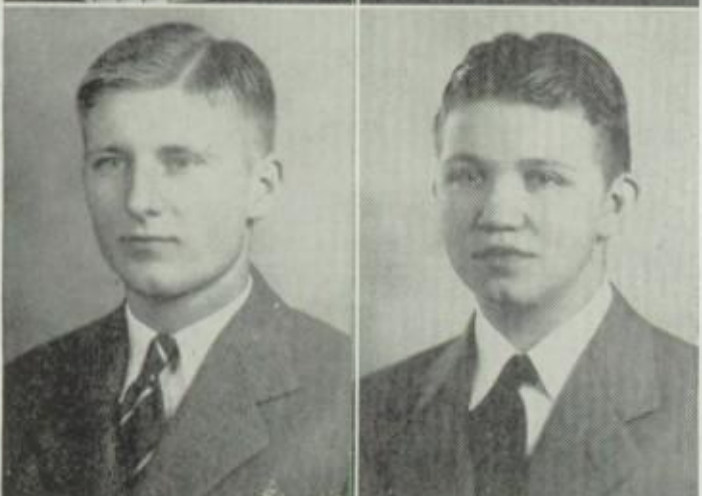
WANDA SLIGER . . . General Course . . . G. A. A.

DEAN SLODERBECK . . . General Course.



JEAN SLODERBECK . . . Commercial Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Retrospect Feature Editor . . . Quill and Scroll . . . National Honor Society . . . "Plane Crazy."

BERNEIL SMITH . . . Commercial Course . . . Entered as a Junior from Lancaster Center.



BOB STOUT . . . General Course . . . Football . . . Baseball . . . Intramural . . . Softball . . . Varsity Club.

BILL STRAIN . . . General Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Intramural.



PATRICIA STRAIN . . . Commercial Course . . . Entered as a Junior from Kirkland High School . . . Girl Reserve . . . Band . . . 4-F . . . "Plane Crazy."

WAYNE STURGEON . . . Agriculture Course . . . Intramural Captain . . . Agriculture Award.

JANET SWAIM . . . Academic
Course . . . Girl Reserve . . .
Comet . . . Booster Club . . .
Glee Club Vice-President . . .
Glee Award . . . Victory Corps
. . . Retrospect Literary Editor
. . . Quill and Scroll . . . Na-
tional Honor Society . . .
"Mince Pie and Pickles" . . .
"The Three Bouquets."

SIDNEY TRIVUS . . . Academ-
ic Course . . . Entered as a
Junior from the Bronx High
School of Science New York
City . . . Victory Corps . . .
Comet . . . "Plane Crazy" . . .
"Western Union Please."

DELLA TSCHANNEN . . .
Commercial Course.

BETTY VAN SKYOCK . . .
General Course . . . Girl Re-
serve . . . Booster Club . . .
Glee Award . . . "Mince Pie
and Pickles" . . . "The Three
Bouquets."

DONNA VAUGHN . . . Gen-
eral Course . . . Girl Reserve
. . . Comet . . . G. A. A. . . .
Retrospect Typist . . . "Plane
Crazy."

JOE WAHMAN . . . General
Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Intramural
. . . Senior Rotarian . . . "West-
ern Union, Please."

EILEEN WALTER . . . Home
Economic Course . . . Glee Club
. . . "Mince Pie and Pickles."

RICHARD WASSON . . . Gen-
eral Course . . . Entered as a
Junior from Anderson High
School . . . Hi-Y . . . Intramural
. . . Retrospect Photographer
. . . "Plane Crazy" . . . "West-
ern Union, Please."

AUSTIN WATROUS . . . Gen-
eral Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Intra-
mural . . . Math Award . . .
Sports Manager . . . Victory
Corps . . . Class Vice-President
and Treasurer . . . Senior Ro-
tarian.

DOTT WEBBER . . . General
Course . . . Girl Reserve . . .
Booster Club . . . Comet . . .
Press Club . . . Glee Award
. . . Art Club . . . Victory Corps
. . . Yell Leader . . . Assistant
Retrospect Feature Editor . . .
"Plane Crazy" . . . "Western
Union, Please."





NORMA WILLIAMS . . . Commercial Course . . . Glee Club . . . 4-H.

FORREST WOODWARD . . . General Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Sports Manager . . . Varsity Club . . . Football . . . Basketball Captain . . . Track . . . Retrospect Athletic Editor . . . Class Vice-President . . . Intramural . . . Softball . . . Victory Corps . . . Senior Rotarian . . . "Western Union, Please."

JOAN WOMAN . . . General Course . . . Entered as a Sophomore from Petroleum . . . Art Club.

FRANCILE WORTHMAN . . . Academic Course . . . Girl Reserve . . . Booster Club . . . Speech Club . . . Comet . . . Press Club . . . Glee Award . . . Yell Leader . . . Bookstore Clerk . . . Victory Corps . . . Glee Club President . . . Class Secretary . . . Retrospect Business Manager . . . Quill and Scroll . . . National Honor Society . . . "Mince Pie and Pickles" . . . "The Three Bouquets" . . . "Plane Crazy" . . . "Western Union, Please."

BETTY YOCUM . . . Commercial Course . . . Retrospect Typist.

JIM ZOLL . . . General Course . . . Hi-Y . . . Football Captain . . . Basketball . . . Intramural . . . Varsity Club . . . Senior Rotarian.

(Continued from Page 14)

evenings. The war came closer home when Jim Zoll joined the Marines; when J. Howard Markley enlisted in the Army Air Corps; when Merlin Dunwiddie and Max Harris passed their physicals for army duty; when Dick Cook and Garl Baumgartner were accepted by the Navy; and when Don Scharlach and Howard Hill left for V-12 training in the Navy Air Corps. We also lost two of our fellows, Dutch Schlotzhauer and Sidney Trivus, to college. February was a big month for us: our civics classes attended court, and the new members of the National Honor Society were announced. Those receiving that honor were Francile Worthman, Jean Sloderbeck, Betty Shelley, Janet Swaim, Harriett Simmons, Barbara Johnson, and Paul Dotterer. The time grew near for some of the fellows to leave, so we joined ideas to plan a wonderful dinner as a farewell. Most of us had lumps in our throats when we realized it was probably our last group gathering. All the while we were feverishly working on the Retrospect, and Mary Lou Hamilton, Harriett Simmons, Francile Worthman, Bobbie Brown, Jean Sloderbeck, Janet Swaim, and Paul Dotterer were thrilled to be made members of Quill and Scroll. Soon all of us were to be thrilled by a lovely reception. We'll always remember it, Juniors—and you with it, for just knowing you have made our school life happier! You are a grand class and if we must hand over our supremacy, we are glad it is you who will carry on. Finally came Kid Day (didn't we look foolish?) and Class Day, Baccalaureate and Graduation—four grand events ending four grand years of high school. Now as we grow up, now as we leave that "happy care-free jukebox generation," we shall take with us the memories of the teachers we met, the friends we made, the good times we had, and the games we played.



On a bicycle NOT built for eight. Wert doesn't seem to mind being choked to death . . . Sturgeon and Harnish are ready to gallop off again—one more turn around the block before the bell rings . . . A row of rowdy roughnecks—Harnish and Buroker say "Tain't so!" . . . Here's leg art at its best. Did someone mention Earl Carroll? . . . This year all our thoughts have been centered in the boys who are leaving school to help win the war. One of the first to answer the call was Howard Hill . . . "The sun shines bright" on this group of laughing gals . . . Even the warm smiles of these five lassies have failed to thaw out their snow-man.



CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

Gas rationing crowds the Juniors onto a bicycle-built-for-four! Bob Smith, Vice President, Harry Brickley, President, Judy Buckner, Secretary, and Wanda Mertz, Treasurer. Looks as if Kay Kleinknight, Athletic Council member, missed his "bus."



First Row: Charles Ault, Bob Baker, Bob Barnes, Martin Bauman.

Second Row: Wanda Blair, Forace Brewer, Harry D. Brickley, Marvin Brown.

First Row: Beverly Buckner, Judy Buckner, Tom Byrd, Iverne Carnes, Margaret Cobbum.

Second Row: Elaine Culver, Francis Davis, Jim Edington, Jack Edris, Joanne Fritz.

Third Row: Suzanne Garrett, Jim Gaunt, Jack Gilliom, Pat Grove, Ted Heemstra.

Fourth Row: Marjorie Hill, Anna Lee Hook, Barbara Huffman, James Inskeep, Wanda Kiefer.



OF 1945

First Row: Kay Kleinknight, Betty Langel, George Lautzenheiser, Jane Maddux, Bob Magley, Maxine Mertz, Wanda Mertz, Lela Minger, Kenny Moser.

Second Row: Lavonna Oliver, Dick McElderry, Mildred Pace, Patt Price, Charles Reber, Claire Redding, Barbara Roof, Avis Ross, Don Sands.

Third Row: Robert Schaeffer, Alberta Schenkel, Rene Schmoll, Alice Shepherd, Dorothy Simmons, Bob Skiles, Peggy Jo Slane, Bob Smith, Bob Stewart.

Fourth Row: Tom Stout, Doris Swaim, Jean Terhune, Max Ulmer, Edna Walters, Raymond Witzeman, Roland Wolfcale, Dick Worster.



CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

The mighty oak holds up Bud Kyle, President; Joan Zimmerman, Secretary; Gloria Markley, Treasurer; and Bob Witzeman, President. Kneeling is the Athletic Council member, Max Grove.



First Row: Doris Athey, Oscar Andrews.

Second Row: Charles Armstrong, Betty Bailey.

Third Row: Bill Bales, Bonnie Baller, Jakie Baller, Jean Baumgartner, Marjorie Baumgartner.

Fourth Row: John Beckler, Carolyn Bennett, Gene Betts, Ted Biberstine, Paul Books.

Fifth Row: Ines Brewer, Patricia Carpenter, Connie Caylor, Bill Christman, Joan Christman.



First Row: Betty Coffield, Frank Cook, Romola Cooper, Robert Covault, Patt Crum, Robert DeArmond.

Second Row: Barbara Downs, Pat Duff, Marceile Elzey, Bill Fate, Phyllis Foster, Dick Garr.

Third Row: Nelson Garringer, Jim Gilliom, Martin Goshorn, Joe Grandlienard, Mary Ann Grove, Max Grove.

Fourth Row: Betty Grover, Evelyn Haiflich, Alyce Ann Hedges, Bob Hedges, Kenny Helms, Patty Holmes.

Fifth Row: Claudine Hook, Bonnie Howard, Bill Irving, Edson Ivins, Francis Jamison, Phyllis Johnson.



OF 1946

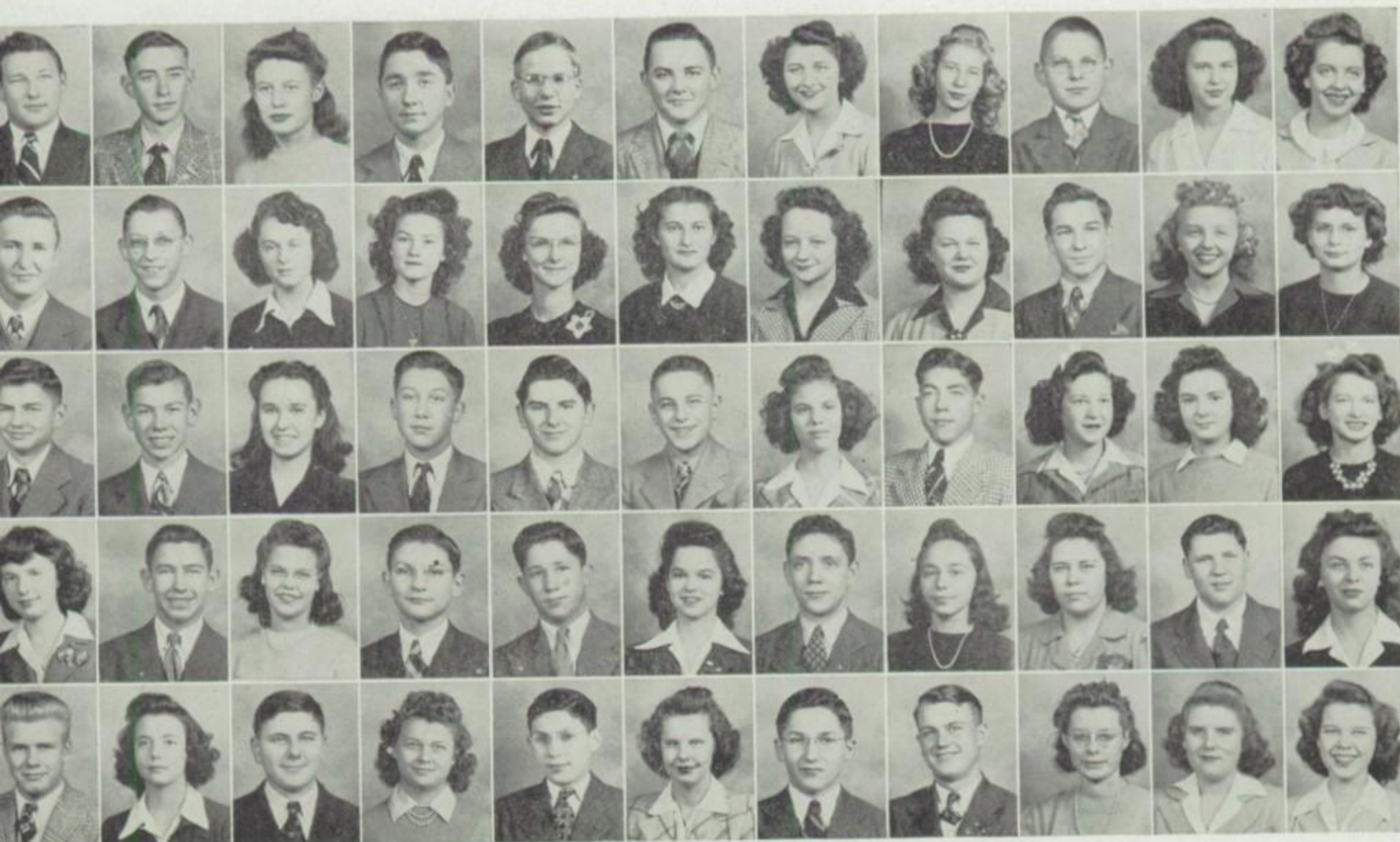
First Row: Leroy Kindlesparger, Tom Krill, Betty Krieg, Wayne Kummer, Harold Kyle, Jim Lakey, Rosie Lautzenheiser, Jackie Littlefield, Dale Mallers, Gloria Markley, Judy Markley.

Second Row: Bill Meeks, Kenneth Meyers, Pauline Meyers, Patty Mitchell, Jean Moore, Joyce Moser, Carolyn Motz, Carolyn Murray, Norman McFarren, Jo Ann McNown, Phyllis Neff.

Third Row: Charles Neuenschwander, Wendall Oman, Betty Lou Pate, Charles Peek, Herschell Penrod, Dick Poff, Shirley Rowe, Jim Sands, Marjorie Schaffter, Evelyn Schell, Maxine Shively.

Fourth Row: Naomi Simerman, Don Sliger, Marilyn Sliger, Norman Smith, Don Somers, Jean Spade, Vaughn Sprunger, Wava Steffen, Betty Stout, Paul Sutton, Janet Swisher.

Fifth Row: Russell Thornburg, Mary Tonner, Paul Tonner, Berniece Walter, Huston Watters, Wanda Wiggins, Bob Witzeman, Bill Wolfcale, Martha Worster, Norma Jean Young, Joan Zimmerman.



CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

Either these Freshmen can't read signs as yet, or they don't believe in them! "Parking" their bodies on the ledge are Barbara Pettyjohn, Treasurer; Gladys Markley, Secretary; and Jim Foster, President. Those standing are John Kennedy, Vice-President; and Jack Woodruff, Athletic Council member.

First Row: Howard Adams, Dick Barnes.

Second Row: Norma Baumgardner, Dick Biberstine.

Third Row: Marjorie Biddle, Joan Boltin.

Fourth Row: Jerry Bowman, Ellan Brewer, Joyce Buckner, Dick Byrd, Bill Campbell.

Fifth Row: Roberta Campbell, Mildred Clanin, Brooks Collins, Colleen Compton, Phil Costello.



First Row: Agnes Curry, Roger Davison, Roger Deam, Larry Dechart, Lois DeRuyscher, Rex Fishbaugh.

Second Row: Betty Fletcher, Jim Foster, Bonnie Lou Gerber, Phyllis Gerber, Carolyn Goldsberry, Betty Graber.

Third Row: Jean Graden, Helen Gregg, Winfred Guldice, Jane Hamilton, Nancy Heemstra, Douglas Hefty.

Fourth Row: Ronald Helblig, Anna Louise Hirshey, Gayle Hoepfner, Jim Hook, Joan Houdyschell, Marjorie Huffman.

Fifth Row: Fred Humphrey, Joyce Huss, Barbara Johnson, Louise Joseph, Gretchen Kaehr, Clarence Kahn.



OF 1947

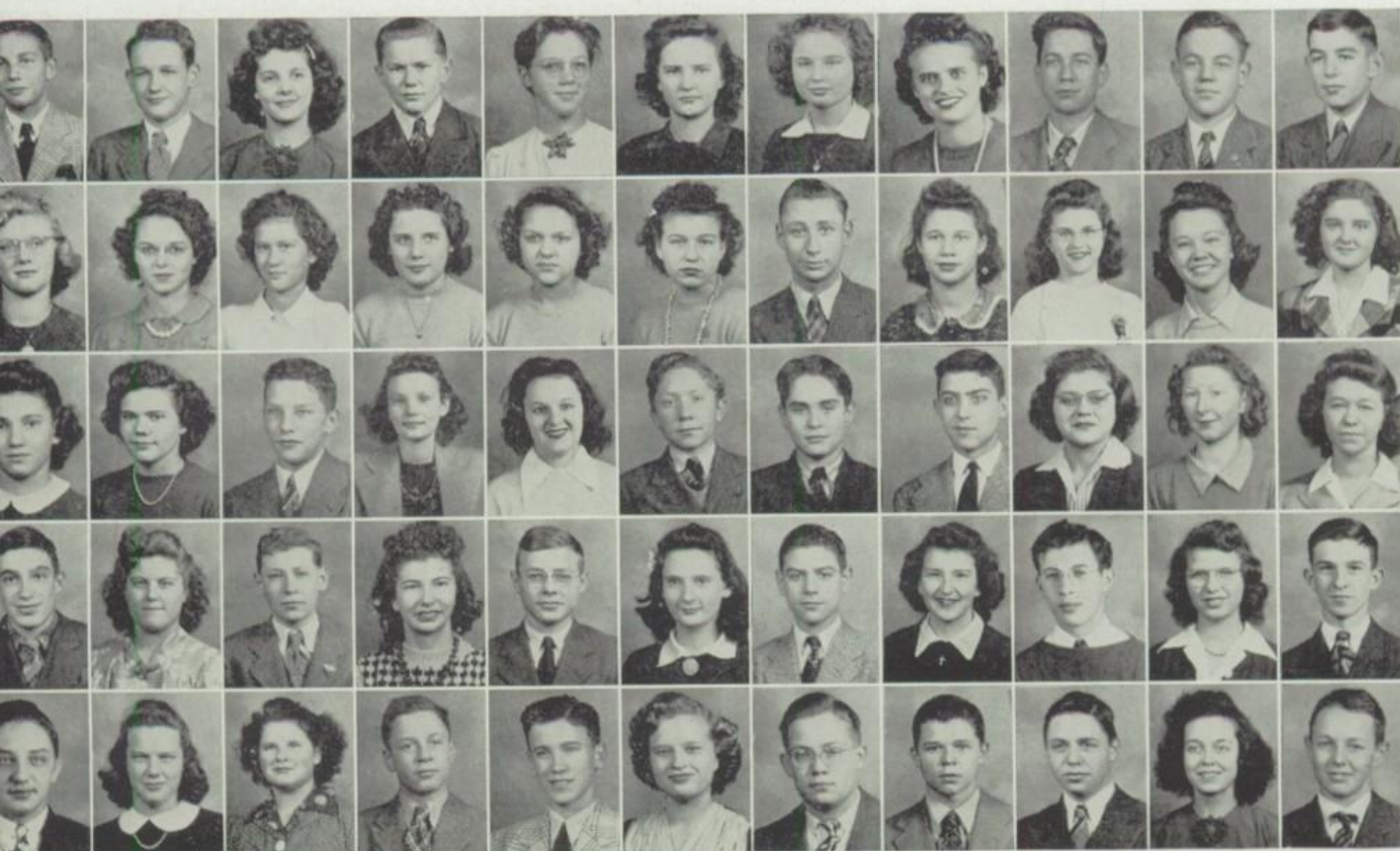
First Row: Jack Karch, John Kennedy, Barbara Kipfer, Jay Kleinknight, Esther Kreps, Maxine Kummer, Anna Lou Markley, Gladys Markley, Ralph Meade, Spencer Meckstroth, Floyd Minnich.

Second Row: Betty Moore, Phyllis Moser, Anita Mosure, Helen Mygrant, Mary McClain, Harold Nash, Nellie Nash, Mary Neuenschwander, Norma Noonan, Martha Oliver.

Third Row: Caryl Peacock, Barbara Pettyjohn, Jim Powell, Suzanne Prough, Doris Rauch, Virgil Reber, Russell Ripple, Dean Roof, Joan Roof, Delores Ross.

Fourth Row: Marilyn Ross, Dick Rush, Helen Schaeffer, Archie Shaffer, Delores Schwartz, Michael Sheets, Fern Shepherd, Dick Sills, Sue Smith, Ted Snyder, Mary Lou Sprunger, Max Steffen.

Fifth Row: Ramon Stoller, Suzanne Sturgis, Mary Louise Sutton, Tom Teeple, Merle Terhune, Rosa Tschannon, Joe Ullman, Bill Welsh, Norman Wenger, Jane Wilson, Jack Woodruff.





Sept. 7—"The morning after"—Labor Day! Freckles, sunburns, and afternoon swims fade into the background as textbooks and program cards gain prominence. It's the last time that we'll join the hubbub of that "First Day." No matter how much we regret it now, it will be on our hit parade of memories.

Sept. 8—Regular classes begin, and even the Seniors are in a fog. "But where IS the civics room?" is the plaintive cry of two lost lassies, while everyone wonders over these small frosh.

Sept. 10—With the smell of autumn thick over the field and with excitement sharpened keen, our football season was officially whistled in—against our arch rivals, Decatur. Crum practically played the game by herself, and we were constantly hounded by our camera fiend—Wasson. But even so, a zero-zero score stared us in the face at the final gun.

Sept. 24—A drizzle straggled our hair and our feet dangled in mud puddles, but our spirits were high—even after that crowded bus ride over. The fellows splashed through the rain to a 13-0 victory over South Side!

Sept. 27—This would have been the start of Street Fair, but did Mr. Park HAVE to bring it up? Watrous and Strain missed the Glamour Girls this year—poor boys.

Oct. 15—Long, tear-stained faces dotted the corridors as Aunt Bess, after thirty-four years of being a grand sport, a friend to all, and a top-notch teacher, starts a new career in a home of her very own, cooking those wonderful meals for her own man. She was a part of our school life; she will remain a part of our thoughts.

Oct. 19—More long faces. Are these the new Victory report cards? Look like the same old grades to me!

Oct. 29—Football has been going on, and still McElderry keeps going out! He can get hurt more than ten people, it seems. Tonight Huntington fans received a jolt as we mauled them 20-0. It was our last game—and top honors go to Harnish as high scorer of the season and to Zoll who was chosen captain.

Nov. 5—Fame and fortune came to the Seniors tonight with the presentation of "Western Union, Please." Evelyn Knox simply walked away with the show as the deaf old Aunt Aurora, who was too forgetful to turn on the electricity in her sonotone batteries. Woodward literally brought the ceiling down, both with his exaggerated slapstick and with his two-gun salute to the departed Danny. Broke all previous records on attendance!

Nov. 9—The lettermen turn out to see "Tootie" Schwartz off for his Navy training, as Zimmy looks tearfully on. It's really bringing things close home when a well-liked, fun-loving Junior sets out to do his share!

Nov. 12—Our "Indiana sport" takes the spotlight, as the Tigers show Portland how basketball is played. Mary Lou and Bobbie came disguised. Come on, gals—we know you're behind those sun glasses!

Nov. 21—"Schlotzhauer Day" brings out the giggles and groans as all the Seniors blossom out in white shirts and ties. A grand march to school behind a bass drum and the drill calls of Sgt. Woodward bring them all on the scene together. Vive-la Dutch!

Nov. 25—A convocation paved the way for our Thanksgiving vacation, and this "fun-loving, juke-box crowd" turned serious. A prayer swelled up from our hearts—a prayer for peace.

Dec. 3—The girls grab the check tonite; the "reverse play" goes into action; the G. R. show the fellows how to entertain! Worthman ad libs herself out of this world as the record player stubbornly refuses to run, but the crowd dances on. A few touchy ones disliked the crunch of the carrots and celery; still Schlotzhauer ate on.

Dec. 8—The old redhead pulls up his stakes to get something done, and Buroker takes up his new job as Mayor of the Byron boys. Meanwhile all of us gals will have to find a new "rastlin'" partner!

B. H. S.

Dec. 12—Backed by holly wreaths and evergreen the annual Christmas Concert was a huge success. Through the special permission from WOWO, "Bobbie Blaine" Johnson sang a beautiful solo. We now have a celebrity in our midst!

Jan. 29—El Canteeno goes patriotic on us; the "red and white" of the Pepette outfits are in perfect accord with the "blue" of the T F C's painted Big Mac Jackets. We "juvenile delinquents" now have our own date and dance joint.

Feb. 24—Liberty Center moves on to the Regional after taking on all comers here; our fellows lost a heart-breaker, but in such a grand way that we're very proud of them! Zoll has a rainbow-colored eye from a flying arm during the Jackson game, and several of the visitors suffered severe "Charley-horses."

Feb. 29—We've been busy little bees today: National Honor Society convocation, Retrospect pictures, grade cards, and "wee Freddie" Park's ninth birthday (so Webber and Worthman claim as they drag in the shortage-struck cake with only nine candles!).

March 1—Howard Hill and Don Sharlach start on new careers today in the Navy V-12. They are both outstanding class members, lots of fun, good-looking, and capable of great things. We hate to lose them, but our loss is the Navy's advantage!

March 3—"Gosh, won't this stuff ever come off?" Those dirty necks and ears can be attributed to the old fashioned Girl Scout minstrel show, "Dusky Doin's." Jo Fritz made the perfect interlocutor, and Bev Buckner put Al Jolson to shame with her rendition of the famed mammy song!

March 6—The Victory Corps drag out their boots and snow-pants to fight their way through an icy wind on a house-to-house Red Cross drive. It's fun to grab those \$100 checks; huh, kids?

March 24—"Young April" in late March is rather out of order—but the Juniors make a great success of it. Ted Heemstra and Judy Buckner remind all the weary parents of their own problem children, and what could be more natural?

April 11—The "failing few" go into the last stretch as once again the bad news is handed out via report cards. Mr. Ratliff couldn't possibly have given any of his chemistry class a passing grade for the smelly performances they've put on, could he?

April 28—Seldom comes an evening when everyone has a grand time and everything seems to be in perfect harmony; but as the Glee Club presented their program, we had that feeling. It was a grand play, gals—we'll have another order of that, please!

May 18—This day brings the end of school days for us—the end of a lot of great times and treasured friendships. But it also gives us a promise of experiences and happiness to come, and who can feel badly when Lady Luck is with us?

May 19—Kid Day! And after the ridiculous sight of "dignified" Seniors in grease paint reverting to the two-year-old phase, comes the vision of loveliness which greets our eyes as we wander into the beautiful setting of the Junior-Senior Reception.

May 21—Reverend H. T. Rafnel introduced new ideas to us in an inspiring Baccalaureate sermon. We felt very wise and very solemn as we paraded down the aisle toward the stage in our caps and gowns, but we floated back through the tears—Simmons is at it again!

May 22—The annual athletic picnic at the state park spotlighted the heroes of B. H. S., but neglected to say much about the hard work and the fighting spirit of our coaches.

May 23—Fuzz Brickley takes over the sacred key as Class Day gets into full swing—just one more day to go!

May 24—Commencement: the saddest and the gladdest of all our high-school days! We look back with a smile, a sigh, and a tear before turning our eyes toward the sun.





Lunch packs are forgotten as this bunch of healthy specimens enliven the noon hour with a basketball game . . . Do you suppose Zoll and Harnish have enough stripes for Caryl? . . . The "toothless twosome," Byrd and Smith, turn gruesome with the help of some charcoal gum reclaimed from the Canteen table tops . . . We grow 'em short this year—John seems to be the only one large enough to keep . . . Dean unfolds the Stars and Stripes as the boys solemnly sound "Taps" . . . The Battle Royal is raging, as Grove and Edington plaster snow on their frans—how did that spectator get in here? . . . Edris must have asked these babes to smile sweetly! Or perhaps they still believe in Santa Claus.

WE'LL
NEVER
FORGET



THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD



Seated—Bobbie Brown, Mary Lou Hamilton, Don Scharlach, Leon Schlotzhauer, Mildred Nickel, Barbara Johnson.
Standing—Harriett Simmons, Beverly Buckner, Anna Lee Hook, Jean Sloderbeck, Paul Dotterer, Francile Worthman, Judy Buckner, Betty Shelley, Janet Swaim.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

A convocation is announced—nothing more. When the students come racing in, no one knows what is about to take place; but as they take their seats and quiet down, their eyes are attracted to the huge gold and blue torch and emblem placed near the center of the stage, silhouetted against the heavy wine draperies. Whispered conversations begin to run riot: "They're going to announce the members!" Likely candidates smooth their hair and press down their pleats, while casting demure glances about to hunt out other suspects. And then the curtains open to reveal last year's members, beaming upon the eager throng with knowing smiles. Here the suspense rises to maximum uproar; the quiet becomes oppressive. Finally the announcements are made, and the thrill is over. The lucky boys and girls solemnly walk onto the stage to take their places as National Honor Society members.

Scholarship, leadership, character, and service—these are the qualities of those students who are selected to become members. To become a member of this society, which is one of the highest honors a student can receive, one must be scholastically in the upper third of his class and must be selected by a majority vote of the entire faculty. In an impressive convocation on February 29 the remaining members who were selected last year—Bobbie Brown, Mary Lou Hamilton, Mildred Nickel, Don Scharlach, and Leon Schlotzhauer—took charge of the initiation of the new members. These included Janet Swaim, Francile Worthman, Betty Shelley, Barbara Johnson, Jean Sloderbeck, Harriett Simmons, Judy Buckner, Beverly Buckner, Anna Lee Hook, and Paul Dotterer. After the initiation Miss Powers, the sponsor, called a meeting for organization. Paul Dotterer was elected president, Beverly Buckner, vice-president, and Judy Buckner, secretary.



The old members fulfilled their service ideal on the opening day of school by passing out program cards. Last year they helped substitute for the custodians who had gone into defense work, but since we have a full janitorial force this year, the Associated Window Washers Co. has gone out of business. The honored few have thrown away their hand lotion bottles and fingernail files—no more board washing for them.

QUILL AND SCROLL

A yearbook goes to press: your yearbook of ideas and crazy snaps and lots of laughter-filled memories; our yearbook of worry and work and good old-fashioned sweat. You read that book, have your fellows and friends sign their John Henry's, and then stuff it in that old drawer to be dragged out six years hence. We read it and sigh as we think of all the work that has been crammed into that small space. But we will have more than a drawer full of Retrospects to remind us of those tired brains of ours! We'll have an indelible experience to draw upon, and we'll have those valued Quill and Scroll pins.



Quill and Scroll—not local or national, but an international organization to give high school journalists an extra pat on the back. These pint-sized Winchells must have certain qualifications: they must be at least third year students; they must be in the upper third of their class scholastically; they must have done superior work in some phase of creative endeavor.

This organization has an adopted code of ethics which expresses all the idealistic goals of young journalists:

- (1) Strive ever for the best, ever keeping your goal in life in mind.
- (2) Uphold and cherish the ideals of journalism.
- (3) Be true to yourself and to your writing.
- (4) Strive to keep in mind the meaning of Quill and Scroll.
- (5) Train yourself to appreciate beauty in the things of everyday life and to apply this appreciation to your work.

Those students filling the Quill and Scroll qualifications this year are Harriett Simmons, Mary Lou Hamilton, Janet Swaim, Francile Worthman, Bobbie Brown, Paul Dotterer, and Jean Sloderbeck.

Seated—Mary Lou Hamilton, Jean Sloderbeck, Janet Swaim, Francile Worthman.
Standing—Paul Dotterer, Harriett Simmons, Bobbie Brown.





First Row: John Beckler, Dick Worster, Frank Cook, Nelson Garringer, Paul Tonner, Bob Magley, Claire Redding, Tom Stout, Joe Grandlienard, Jim Gilliom, Jim Lakey.
 Second Row: Bob Skiles, Rex Coffield, Harry Brickley, Dick McElderry, Ted Heemstra, Kay Kleinknight, Jack Edris, Max Ulmer, Garl Baumgartner, Bob Hedges, Don Sands, Forace Brewer.
 Third Row: Leon Schlotzhauer, Howard Hill, Bob Stewart, Max Grove, Huston Watters, Raymond Witzeman, Bud Kyle, Jim Sands, Ted Biberstine, Bill Wolfcale, Vaughn Sprunger, Bob Witzeman, Jim Higgins, Gale Baller, Martin Goshorn, Mr. Ulmer.
 Fourth Row: Paul Huffman, J. Howard Markley, Austin Watrous, Bill Strain, Jim Zoll, Dick Wasson, Bob Smith, Frosty Woodward, Dick Miller, Don Scharlach, Joe Wahman, Jim Harnish, Dick McClain, Dale Reineck.

HI-Y

"The purpose of the Hi-Y club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community the high standards of Christian character." Is there any Hi-Y boy who does not remember the first night that he heard that? Most of them will never forget that night—the night of the initiation. The details cannot be printed, of course, because they are something for all new members to look forward to. Now we're being mean!

The fifty-five members in the club this year elected Leon Schlotzhauer as president, Howard Hill as vice-president, Harry D. Brickley as treasurer, Raymond Witzeman as secretary, and Harold Ivins as sergeant-at-arms. Leon Schlotzhauer, who left early in the year to attend Purdue University, was succeeded by Howard Hill as president. Howard later left for special training in the Navy V-5 and Paul Huffman took up the gavel for the rest of the year.

The Hi-Y increased its treasury by selling soft drinks at the basket-ball games and at the sectional tournament. Remember the yell of the fellows as they tripped over feet while balancing coke bottles in heavy buckets? And think of the jingle of coins in Brickley's pocket as he checked those boys in!

This money was used for buying a tuberculosis bond and for buying a war bond. But because of the food rationing and improved economic situation, baskets were not distributed at Christmas time.

The highlight of the social events of the year was the Best-Girl banquet, held on April 14. Following current trends, this was informal, but corsages and colorful decorations made up for the swish and rustle of the taffeta and silk which was missing. And food was actually served—to the music of Non Ration and his Many Good Points! Chicken has never tasted so good and probably has never been accompanied by so much chatter.



Mr. Ulmer brought his "best girl" and joined in on the merry-making. It isn't often that a group of mischievous boys can find an adviser as understanding or as firm as he—or one with such a wonderful sense of humor. He has his hands full settling friendly mistakes and disagreements, but no black eyes or broken teeth have entered the picture. Mr. Ulmer has what it takes.

GIRL RESERVE



Screams and giggles filled the gym as the Girl Reserves broke in their thirty-five new members this year. The initiates educated us on the correct way to parachute "a la umbrella" from the stage to the floor. They even zoomed from one end of the gym to the other showing us how to dive bomb! The rest of their evening was spent in rescuing their shoes from the basketball goals. Next day all the sophomores walked around in a daze—at least so it seemed—for they didn't talk to any of the fellows. They even had their

hair in pigtails, with ribbons on each one. 'Spose the party was too much for them?

The new home-room system allowed us to have our meetings during school hours; this not only proved our patriotism, but also increased our attendance. We had book reviews, readings, community sings, a very mystifying magic show by Charles Linn, and a talk by Mr. Dubois.

On December third we members, our best fellows, the school board, and other guests spent an evening in Gay Paree' (confidentially it was the school gym!). Sonja Sawyer, accompanied by her mother, sang for us. In one of the numbers she blacked her face, put on a big red hat drooping with flowers, and danced with all the charm of a Broadway star. Each number brought forth new costumes and new dance steps. Our own B. H. S. comedy masters, Skiles, Edris, and McElderry, put on several short skits in which they starred as the "Three Aces" (broad accent please!) They imagined themselves to be Spanish outlaws, and with booming guns, villainous laughs, and gruesome faces they roared onto the stage. Their lithe(??) antics ended in stark disaster when the sheriff was murdered by Pedro.

This year, as always, we bought a five-dollar tuberculosis bond. Because candy and pop are difficult to obtain we were forced to discontinue our concession stands at the basketball games; thus we were deprived of one source of profit.

As the Retrospect goes to press, plans are being completed for a Mother-Daughter Party. Our decorative souls have not as yet decided whether we shall again visit Paree or "dem lovely bums" in Brooklyn; but wherever it shall be, our guests will be treated royally.

Throughout all of this walked our slim, lovely sponsor, Miss Hewitt—making suggestions, giving advice, and influencing our ideas toward fuller realization of what Girl Reserve means. To us she represents someone truly "gracious in manner, earnest in purpose, and reaching toward the best" that life may offer.

First Row: Elizabeth Dunwiddie, Marcile Elzey, Jane Maddux, Jane Shields, Jackelyn Littlefield, Shirley Rowe, Doris Sheets, Suzanne Garrett, Doris Athey, Norma Lehman, Norma Jean Young, Wanda Wiggins, Alyce Ann Hedges, Judy Buckner.
Second Row: Jean Moore, Evelyn Haflich, Marjorie Schaffter, Ines Brewer, Maxine Shively, Betty Grover, Naomi Simerman, Gloria Mangus, Donna Vaughn, Patt Price, Avis Ross, Barbara Johnson, Jean Spade, Phyllis Foster, Martha Worster, Iverne Carnes.
Third Row: Miss Hewitt, Connie Caylor, Joan Zimmerman, Jean Terhune, Maxine Mertz, Lela Minger, Elaine Culver, Marjorie Hill, Wanda Goshorn, Charleen Arnold, Pat Strain, Jean Sloderbeck, Betty Van Skyock, Justine Meyer, Barbara Downs, Barbara Roof, Joan Fritz, Gloria Markley.
Fourth Row: Evelyn Knox, Wanda Mertz, Betty Shelley, Wanda Blair, Dorothy Ann Simmons, Beverly Buckner, Mary Jane Penrod, Patricia Davenport, Shirley Irving, Claudine Hook, Jo Ann Christman, Pat Crum, Doris Swaim, Peggy Jo Slane, Barbara Huffman, Carolyn Motz, Judy Markley, Jo Ann McNowen.
Fifth Row: Harriett Simmons, Phyllis Neff, Carolyn Murray, Betty Kreig, Bernice Walter, Mildred Nickel, Bobbie Brown, Janet Swaim, Doris Biberstine, Mildred Johnson, Pat Holmes, Lois Elzey, Rene Schmoll, Anna Lee Hook, Mary Lou Hamilton, Francile Worthman, Dott Webber.





RETROSPECT STAFF

Candy box, ruler, money, subscription blanks, Retrospects—if we make a good impression perhaps it was worth it! From left to right we are: Mary Lou Hamilton, Associate Editor . . . Francile Worthman, Business Manager . . . Harriett Simmons, Editor-in-Chief . . . Bobbie Brown, Assistant Business Manager . . . Paul Dotterer, Circulation Manager.



Dictation may not always be so pleasant, but here we see four lovely examples. Doris Biberstine, Calendar Editor . . . Donna Vaughn, Typist . . . Betty Shelley, Typist . . . Barbara Johnson, Calendar Editor. Not pictured are two equally hard working typists, Betty Yocum and Betty Conner. We've probably overworked them.



That poor file will be worn out, not to mention the lucky radiator! Here we find: Rex Scott and Forrest Woodward, Sport Editors . . . Janet Swaim, Literary Editor . . . Jean Sloderbeck, Feature Editor . . . Dott Webber, Assistant Feature Editor . . . Elizabeth Dunwiddie and Mildred Nickel, Assistant Literary Editors.

"Good afternoon! I'm the Red Cross representative for the War Fund Drive." This is what the housewives in Bluffton heard as they opened their front doors the second week in March. In rolled the dimes, dollars, and checks as the Victory Corps canvassed the city again this year for the Red Cross Drive. It seems as if we always have such awful weather, Brrr! It was cold and windy!

"Do you have your application filled out? If not, this girl will help you." Over and over again this question was repeated to those who came to get their No. 4 Ration Books. The Victory Corps members along with the faculty helped issue these books for two days during October—Aren't the teachers different when they're turned loose from the classrooms?

"Hey, Mom, may I give that old blue skirt to the Victory Corps for the Clothing Drive?" Mothers all over the city heard this or a similar question as the Victory Corps collected old clothes for the Clothing Drive which took place the middle of March. These clothes were sent to our own needy mountain people and to the people of war-torn Europe. And who cares about a few minus outfits when cold and trembling children will smile again?



"Victory



Corps"





First Row: Neil Harris, Madeline Moon, Barbara Downs, Janet Lamson, Bob Witzeman, Jim Hook, Chad Huyette, Gladys Arnold, Doris Biberstine.
 Second Row: Barbara Pettyjohn, Carolyn Motz, Betty Neff, Judy Markley, Bill Campbell, Betty Graber, Romola Cooper, John Adams, Vaughn Sprunger, Jim Gilliom, Bob Hedges, Harold Ivins.
 Third Row: Mr. Bennett, Martha Mallers, Paul Tonner, Ted Biberstine, Bob Schaefer, Tom Stout, Bob Stewart, Pat Crum, Claude Mossburg, Martha Rose Oliver, Chris Mankey, Bud Kyle.

BAND

"Hey kids, look, there comes the band!"

The hilarious gaiety of the crowd ends with a snap as necks are craned to catch a glimpse. And suddenly there it is. Spread over the road in precise columns, the band comes marching on to the gate of Wilson Field dressed in snappy black and crimson uniforms, playing a spicy military march that brings everyone to his feet with cheers. The formation breaks when the bleachers are reached, and the evening's only reserved seats are soon vibrating with the exuberance of the music.

During the winter season the band lent its pep to the basketball games. The highlight of the evening was the salute to Old Glory. The lights were dimmed, the noise and excitement in the crowd lessened, and the band swung into the opening bars of our great national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." Everyone in the audience rose to his feet and placed his hand over his heart, silently giving thanks for this great land called America. Speaking of music, remember how we thrilled to all those new marches? Remember "Pistol Packin' Mama" and "Der Fuehrer's Face"?

Fifteen new members have been added to the band this year and there is a possibility of several more coming in from the beginner's section, but the "toots" and "beats" of the Senior members will be lost by graduation and that lively background will be greatly missed. And when speaking of the lively backgrounds Mr. Bennett must always be mentioned, for it is because of his energetic leadership that our band has become the lively, snappy group it is. He develops the initiative of each member by drawing them out individually to swing the baton or to solo on some difficult passage. He puts all of his own personality into his directing and the band echoes that feeling. Mr. Bennett is our idea of a good guy with new ideas on how a first-rate band is developed!

GLEE CLUB

Someone's pounding the ivories with "Scrub Me Mama with a Boogie Beat"; chairs are grinding across the floor; girls are laughing and dancing—then suddenly a footstep is heard. The boogie stops, the grinding ceases, and the giggles and jive subside; there is a frantic dash for chairs; then all is quiet. A few minutes later the halls of B. H. S. are filled with the strains of "Ah, Love, but a Day," as boogie changes to classic and bedlam to class. The sounds described came from the music room, and the footsteps heard were those of Mrs. Olive M. Grimsley, director of the Girls' Glee Club.

Kiwanis, Rotary, and the various women's organizations kept the Symphonettes busy with requests for personal appearances this year. Dressed in varied pastels or in their flowing black robes with white surplices, the girls furnished a lovely background for their pleasing melodies. The curtain call special was Fred Waring's own arrangement of the current favorite, "Sky Anchors Away"; one could practically visualize dashing young men in uniforms and marching bands!

High-lighting the club's activities was the annual Christmas Cantata, which was presented December 12 at the Reformed church. Against a background of holly wreaths, the girls sang familiar songs, among them several selections from the Messiah. Special music was furnished by the junior high school carolers and the junior symphony orchestra. The soloists were Betty Van Skyock, Barbara Johnson, Janet Swaim, Shirley Irving, Jane Shields, Connie Caylor, and Caryl Peacock. The girls also added to the Christmas atmosphere by caroling in the school halls.

Plans are now being made for the spring program, which will be a three-act comedy. Rehearsals promise to be hilarious—and no wonder, for Andy "DeMille" McNown has offered his assistance. The Community Building will probably rock with the screams of laughter and the pounding of feet on the stage! The play has not been chosen as yet, but since it is a Glee Club project, it's bound to be good. Remember "Yours Truly, Willie"?

Officers for the year were Francile Worthman, president; Janet Swaim, vice-president; and Dott Webber, secretary-treasurer. But the "Academy Award" goes to Mrs. Grimsley, who, with her exceptional musicianship and refreshing versatility, has made the Glee Club something of which we can be very proud.

First Row: Wava Steffen, Norma Noonan, Suzanne Garrett, Marjorie Schaffter, Helen Gregg, Joan Zimmerman, Gayle Hoepfner, Evelyn Haflich, Betty Moore, Betty Van Skyock, Caryl Peacock, Fern Sheperd, Pat Duff, Alyce Ann Hedges, Helen Mygrant, Mrs. Grimsley.
Second Row: Joan Boltin, Elizabeth Dunwiddie, Ines Brewer, Shirley Rowe, Phyllis Neff, Barbara Johnson, Roberta Campbell, Jean Moore, Jane Maddux, Carolyn Murray, Dott Webber, Gloria Markley, Charleen Arnold, Jane Shields, Agnes Curry.
Third Row: Mary Jane Mowery, Bonnie Gerber, Jean Graden, Marilyn Ross, Joyce Moser, Phyllis Foster, Jean Baumgartner, Avis Ross, Suzanne Sturgis, Jean Spade, Lois Elzey, Norma Lehman, Janet Swaim, Shirley Irving.
Pianist: Francile Worthman.





Left to right—seated

First Row: Mildred Nickel, violin . . . Mary K. Neuenschwander, violin . . . Betty Cobb, violoncello . . . Leah Mae McKinley, violoncello . . . Anita Mosure, violin . . . Joan Prough, violin.

Second Row: Patricia Bickers, violin . . . Nancy Heemstra, violin . . . Neal Harris, clarinet . . . Madelyn Moon, clarinet . . . Janet Lamson, flute . . . Suzanne Markley, flute . . . Donald Richardson, trumpet . . . Howard Adams, trumpet . . . Bob Stewart, trombone . . . Crist Mankey, trombone . . . Joan Boltin, viola . . . Larry Dechart, violin.

Third Row: Martha Mallers, piano . . . Jim Foster, violin . . . Viva Lee Moser, accordion.

Left to right—standing

Fourth Row: Archie Shaffer, violin . . . Jim Hook, horn . . . Chad Huyette, horn . . . Billy Rafnel, clarinet . . . Donald Curry, trumpet . . . John Kennedy, saxophone . . . Ronald Ulmer, saxophone . . . Olive M. Grimsley, director . . . Betty Neff, saxophone . . . Marilyn Markley, percussion . . . Mary Avalon Culver, percussion . . . Kay Earhart, violin . . . Dick Gilliom, violin.

Not pictured: Mary Lou Sprunger, bass viol . . . Douglas Hefty, percussion.

ORCHESTRA

A tap of a baton heralds a late arrival to our music department—something new has been added! It is yet in its first stages of development, but the sky's the limit when our school orchestra comes into its own. It is something entirely new, although it has a few accomplished musicians who have been members of other orchestras. But for the most part it has a great many grade school prospects who are now beginning to grasp the ideas of true musicianship. With experience it will become the truly fine organization we know it can be. We have heard it at our school programs; we have noted the improvement. We're backing it all the way!

The orchestra has one member of which it is very proud, a girl who last year won the state violin contest and who now holds a first violin position in the Fort Wayne Symphony Orchestra—Mildred Nickel. Mildred plays first violin in our orchestra too, quite naturally, and is a member of the string ensemble, which has played for the Christmas Concert, the P. T. A. Founder's Day Tea, and the Kiwanis Club. We think Mildred has a great future in music!

Mrs. Grimsley has done another splendid job of organizing with this group. Whatever they are able to accomplish will be because of the time she has spent in training and smoothing out and encouraging.

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THE GAMES WE PLAYED



L. E. Templin has coached athletics here for twenty-three years, and the brand of sports taught by him has attained for his teams wide recognition. By aiding the boys of today, through good clean sports, to be better men tomorrow, "Temp" is achieving the goal set by all coaches.



The little man hurrying back and forth from one player to another in the Tiger dressing rooms is Dr. C. J. Blackman. He has been a friend and stand-by of all Bluffton athletes for more than fifteen years, and he is largely responsible for the excellent physical condition of our teams. He enjoys working with the fellows, and what is more important to him, they all think the world of "Doc."



The husky gentleman assisting in our football instruction and in the intramural sessions is Joe Larmore. During the training season he may be found working vigorously with the whole squad or diligently demonstrating technique to a likely star. To all the fellows, Joe is strictly "Okay"!



First Row: Don Scharlach, Bob Skiles, Dick McElderry, Ted Biberstine, Jim Harnish, Rex Coffield, Forrest Woodward, Jim Zoll.
 Second Row: Junior Schwartz, Jim Edington, Jim Gaunt, Tom Byrd, Bob Smith, Max Ulmer, Bob Baker, Merlin Dunwiddie.
 Third Row: Bill Fate, Dick Sills, Garl Baumgartner, Jack Edris, Harry Brickley, Bob Stout.
 Fourth Row: Joe Larmore, Dick Byrd, Tom Teeple, Larry Dechart, Jack Woodruff, Charles Reber, L. E. Templin.

FOOTBALL

With fenders piled high and seats double-decked, a long line of cars sped toward Decatur for the opening game of the football season. Brightly printed blankets lent color to the field and gave protection from an October frost to the high-spirited crowd. The teams were evenly-matched, and the outcome depended upon which one could outwit the other. Results: a fast, thrill-packed zero to zero game! It became evident during the action that B. H. S. could boast several good ball-handlers. Most of the touchdowns were made by our fightin' halfback, Jim Harnish. He is quick, reckless, and hard to stop. Following up to throw all opponents was big Jim Zoll, a rough and ready tackler who could really hit that line. Jim was elected honorary captain of the squad and has since proved his spirit by joining the United States Marines. Guarding the line was another sturdy Senior, Rex Coffield, while the kicking and passing was best handled by Bob Baker. All of the team were outstanding for their cooperation and timing, and experienced veterans will form the backbone of next year's squad.

Rain or shine, our fellows seemed to have the spirit needed either to come through on top or to fight a hard, clean game all the way. They proved themselves wet-weather fiends when they pushed through the mud and rain to beat a good South Side team, 13-0. And Portland found them even tougher in clear climate, for they fell at our feet to the rumble of a 39-0 landslide. The "fightinest" battle of them all was the return game with Decatur in which we were beaten, 15-6. Twice the fellows opened the lines for tough Max Ulmer to push his way through to the five-yard line, but each time Decatur's boys managed to push them back to safer ground. It was the type of fierce competition that brings out the best in each good fighter, and we found our team full of them! They came back at the next game to prove our judgment correct—Huntington's squad found they were battling against a stone wall to the tune of 20-0. Our win-and-lose column evens itself up, but our actual scoring passes that of all opponents by a total of twenty-two points.



FOOTBALL FLASHES

WE		THEY
0	Decatur	0
13	South Side	0
0	Auburn	13
6	Columbia City	6
6	Garrett	20
39	Portland	0
6	Decatur	15
20	Huntington	0

"You've got to be a football hero to get along with the beautiful girls," and here's a guy that ought to know! Captain of our football team, Jim Zoll is our idea of a typically mischievous American boy, bent on making friends and learning and having fun. His future will be more serious, but the Jim in uniform of the United States Marines can be no different than the Jim we all have known. That Jim has been one of the most popular fellows in our halls; that Jim has been a tough, hard-hitting leader in all our athletics. We're wishing him a world of luck!



The starting line-up assumes the angle—ah, for a paddle!
 Line Men: Bob Smith, Jim Zoll, Jim Edington, Tom Byrd, Rex Coffield, Ted Biberstine, Dick McElderry.
 Standing: Bob Baker, Max Ulmer, Bob Skiles, Jim Harnish.

THEY BACK OUR ATTACKS



Yell Leaders—Alice Ann Hedges, Dott Webber, Francile Worthman, Gloria Markley.

What would we do without those cute, peppy yell leaders or without our slaving student managers? Just imagine trying to get a stubborn bunch of B. H. S. students together without organized coordination or trying to get B. H. S. athletes to do all the hard work behind their own playing! It is because of the efforts of a few that we have enjoyed our high school sports. These fellows and gals don't get paid every Saturday night; they don't even come in on the dollar-a-year bracket. But they're proud of their letters and of their complimentary season tickets, and they always put on a good show. Remember the animated antics of the yell leaders and the lively gallop of the "water boys"?

Glo, Anne, Dott, and Wert have brought out our lung power to the nth degree with yells like "Go-You-Tigers!" They kept us busy because they knew that tired players could "go" farther with a lot of good, lusty cheering. Dott and Wert have led their last high-school yell, but they have given Glo and Anne their ideas and pep and incentive to carry on. We'll have the same uproarious spirit next year!

The student managers are strictly at a disadvantage: they don't even have bright red uniforms. But through rain, mud, or crowded gym, they never failed to supply the team with its "necessities." Phil, Doc, Dick, and Roland have our recommendation for any job they are asked to tackle—they're good, hard workers!



Student Managers—Forrest Woodward, Dick Byrd, Phil Costello, Roland Wolfcale.



BASKETBALL BLUE-PENCILS

WE		THEY
21	Portland	19
35	Auburn	41
26	Columbia City	23
29	Hartford City	33
20	South Side	33
26	Decatur	30
19	Burris	45
42	Ossian	21
37	Huntington	31
39	Garrett	37
33	Lancaster	22
35	Warren	30
35	Decatur	43
36	Liberty (Overtime)	33
29	Berne	37
38	Kendallville	22
28	Montpelier	29
27	Central Catholic	41

Hubert Dubois has just completed his second year as coach of the Tiger basketball squad. He also instructs our future players through his work in the grade school. Being young and agile, Coach Dubois can and does constantly demonstrate traits of skill and attitude necessary in the making of good sportsmen.



Standing—Bob Smith, Max Harris, Tom Byrd, Jim Zoll, Gale Baller.
Kneeling—Dale Reineck, Jim Harnish, Forrest Woodward, Max Ulmer.

BASKETBALL

The flash of uniforms red upon black, the lusty cheers of the jubilant crowd, the whistle of the sweating referees, white skin burning across the floor, Coca-Cola boys pushing through jammed aisles—we're looking in on the king of sports, a Tiger basketball game! The scene is familiar: a harried usher grabs our tickets; the people behind us jam us forward; the "end man" catches our foot in his coat sleeve; and quite suddenly we find ourselves on the floor. Through the legs of hurrying spectators we see that the spotted bleachers are filling in with excited fans, eager for the starting tip-off. Nowhere else on earth is the abundance of energy being so rapidly consumed! Then the yell leaders jump over us, the team dashes in, and "Black and Crimson" blares forth from the bandstand. The feverish excitement is catching: the boys go into their huddle, quivering under it; the building echoes with it; the trigger finger itches from it. The game is on! And our eyes follow the numbers of the players as they move smoothly down the floor toward another basket.

But numbers and names mean little—it's the right combination, the perfect coordination, that makes up the winning team. Squarely-built Max Ulmer, dynamic Jim Harnish, towering Tom Byrd, hard-hitting Jim Zoll, able Max Harris, fast little Eli Reineck, dependable Gale Baller, rough and tough Doc Woodward, and fightin' Bob Smith furnished us with just those qualities. They flashed out brilliantly on New Year's Day to defeat Decatur, Hartford City, and Berne in a four-team tourney that turned into a slam-bang brawl of scoring, but a champion Burris team stopped them cold, and Central Catholic found equally good hunting. They won and they lost; but they always fought! We can be proud of this team of ours. It has proved itself worthy of being a vital part of the king of sports—Hoosier basketball.

Our Varsity Cubs turned into the "fightinest," most spectacular second team in years. They lost only four out of twenty games, and several of the boys—Baker, Skiles, Ault, and McElderry—saw Varsity action. We'll have an experienced group of fellows to draw upon next year!



Standing—Roland Wolfeale, Bob Baker, Dick McElderry, Bob Skiles, Ted Biberstine, Charles Ault.
Kneeling—Vaughn Sprunger, Russel Thornburg, Joe Grandlie nard, Bill Irving, Edson Ivins, Ted Heemstra.



Kneeling—Rex Scott, Harold Ivins, Don Scharlach, Wayne Sturgeon, Clarence Mossburg.
Standing—Paul Dotterer, Rex Coffield, Bob Shepard.

INTRAMURAL

Intramural may not be a pretty picture—note the fellows in those various stages of undress—or a good, clean sport—note the black eyes and bruised legs—but it's exactly the excitement that a group of fun-loving boys enjoy. The activity is sponsored by the school to give "wreckreation" to those who don't go out for the basketball teams, and it manages to furnish just that! The senior fellows were appointed captains; they picked their lusty teams, chose somewhat dubious names, and set out to beat all opponents—either into defeat or into unconsciousness. Those captains included Rex Coffield, Don Scharlach, Wayne Sturgeon, Paul Dotterer, Bob Shepard, Harold Ivins, Rex Scott, and Clarence Mossburg. Either through force of brains or force of brawn, Coffield and his "Five Roundies" emerged on top of the scoring list with ten out of fourteen games to their credit.

Quite a familiar scene to coax the giggles at intramural was "Two-Gun" Joe Larmore, galloping along the floor. He's the original give-a-little-whistle man! The bleachers are usually lined with females (who trail their men even unto this) and with doting fathers intent upon watching Junior make a basket. Baller and Harnish usually turned up to keep time, and Temp was always on hand. Occasionally Coach Dubois and his pretty little wife would drop in to draw long sighs from the mixed group (a kind of "Sinatra-swoon"!). The atmosphere was gay and even hilarious at times, and the games were always exciting!

TEAM	WON	LOST	%
Coffield	10	4	.714
Scharlach	9	5	.643
Sturgeon	7	7	.500
Dotterer	7	7	.500
Shepard	7	7	.500
Ivins	7	7	.500
Scott	5	9	.357
Mossburg	4	10	.286

TRACK

Track is a lonely road to fame, for not many brave souls will undertake the long walk to Wilson Field; school spirit suffers, but the feet are thankful! Hurdles, shot-puts, pole-vaults, broad jumps, relays—all these are poured with abandon into an exciting sport. And just think, gals, of how super those men look, poured with abandon into their flashy track suits! But this isn't a paid advertisement, or even a vitalized pep-talk; you're just missing something! We know—we finally broke down and hiked out. And what did we find?

We caught Coffield making a beautiful broad jump, while that "pole-vaultin' fool" Baker was soaring high over our heads. Zoll and Baumgartner were racing up and down the track to warm up for a gentle little mile run, while Brickley and Harnish whizzed by on the 100-yard dash. And Woodward was lazily resting his bones, watching Skiles heave the shot-put around. There were fellows grouped all over the field, some listening to suggestions from Mr. Dubois and some watching a lively baseball game in the far corner. It was something new and different to us; but we'll see that it becomes familiar! We're going to "get in shape" from that walk, and in doing so perhaps we'll give the boys some incentive. And since we play host to the N. E. I. C. conference this year, some cheers will be in order!

Wells County Meet

Bluffton	57
Union	43
Petroleum	27
Rockcreek	26
Bluffton	63 1/3
Montpelier	51 2/3
Bluffton	55 1/2
Hartford City	56 1/2
Bluffton	54
Decatur	76

Conference

100 yd.	Brickley	2nd
Pole Vault	Baker	3rd
Broad Jump	Coffield	3rd
Half Mile	Baumgartner	4th
Relay, Half Mile	Baker	
	Coffield	4th
	Swartz	
	Biberstine	

All scores as of last year.



Seated—Jim Zoll, Rex Coffield.
Kneeling—Bill Fate, Bob Baker, Garl Baumgartner, Harry Brickley.
Standing—Ted Biberstine, Bob Skiles, Forrest Woodward.

LETTERMEN

Johnny Jones is just a freckle-faced American boy. He grew up in a small town where the back yards are wide and shaded—made for grass fights and marshmallow roasts and “Cowboy and Indians.” He grew strong and straight by turning flipflops on limbs and by riding a bicycle and by rollerskating and by getting into friendly brawls. And naturally Johnny went to every circus that came to town! Sitting on those stiff bleachers, chewing caramel corn and watching the trapeze artists flying around the top of the tent, he decided that was the life for him. But soon he “became” a pilot, thrilling over and over at the sight of a plane overhead; then while watching a riveter at work, he switched over to the pounding drama of machinery. You see, Johnny was growing up and Johnny was fickle—he had been a circus entertainer, a pilot, a riveter, a doctor, a lawyer, and a policeman even before he could read. That’s the American way!

But when Johnny entered high school, he knew what he wanted to be. Any athletically minded American boy knows, just as Johnny. His goal was to win a treasured major letter. Johnny liked all the sports—basketball, baseball, track, and football—and he was interested in learning of their qualifications. The coach was a big, laughing man who knew how to handle these ambitious lettermen-to-be; he explained all of the ins-and-outs carefully. Johnny learned that a track letter stands for ten points in the year’s meets—that a football major means 150 minutes of varsity action—that the basketball and baseball letters indicate participation in two-thirds of the varsity games. He learned that if a boy wants to work hard enough he can win the coveted circle letter, which trumpets the glorious total of ten major letters. So Johnny won his letter—and he played his games. He toughened himself, and he learned teamwork and coordination. Johnny didn’t realize it then, but his coach knew: winning a letter is something more than exciting or rewarding—winning a letter means working together and growing up and fighting for what is a boy’s own. Winning a letter is a coach’s way of telling the world that Johnny is becoming a fine American man. Yes, Johnny has his letter, but America has its Johnny.

This could be our story, and Johnny Jones could be Bob Stout or Gale Baller or Ted Biberstine; that small lovable town could be Bluffton, Indiana, and that coveted letter could be a major “B”. But wherever Johnny lives, on each little street in America, he becomes more of a man when he wins his major letter.



HERE'S WHAT THEY DO

CHARLES AULT—Baseball—a tricky, unflinching catcher . . . BOB BAKER—Football, Track—a high-flying pole vaulter . . . GALE BALLER—Basketball—a lanky, daring guard . . . GARL BAUMGARTNER—Track—a long-lasting, long-distance runner . . . TED BIBERSTINE—Football, Track—a reckless Soph with a future on the gridiron . . . HARRY BRICKLEY—Track, Football—a fleet-footed cinder pounder . . . TOM BYRD—Football, Basketball—a towering, clever ball handler . . . REX COFFIELD—Football, Track—a high spirited fast holding blocker . . . MERLIN DUNWIDDIE—Football—a smashing, two-fisted half-back . . . JIM EDINGTON—Football—a lively, alert guard . . . JACK EDRIS—Football—a snappy little halfback . . . BILL FATE—Track—a determined, non-tiring runner . . . JIM HARNISH—Football, Basketball, Track—a high scoring, hard playing driver . . . MAX HARRIS—Basketball—a cool-headed, speedy dribbler . . . KENNY MOSER—Football—a bold, hard hitting player . . . DICK McELDERRY—Football—a fast, unyielding end . . . DALE REINECK—Basketball—a quick, sure-footed hitter . . . DON SCHARLACH—Football, Baseball—a slim, peppy guard . . . BOB SKILES—Football, Baseball, Track—a husky, flashy athlete . . . BOB SMITH—Football, Basketball—a tricky player with a love for any sport . . . BOB STOUT—Baseball, Football—an unequaled outfielder . . . MAX ULMER—Football, Basketball, Baseball—a clever hard-to-stop ball carrier . . . FORREST WOODWARD—Basketball, Track, Football—a shrewd, alert leader in any sport . . . JIM ZOLL—Football, Basketball, Track—our tough, fighting favorite.

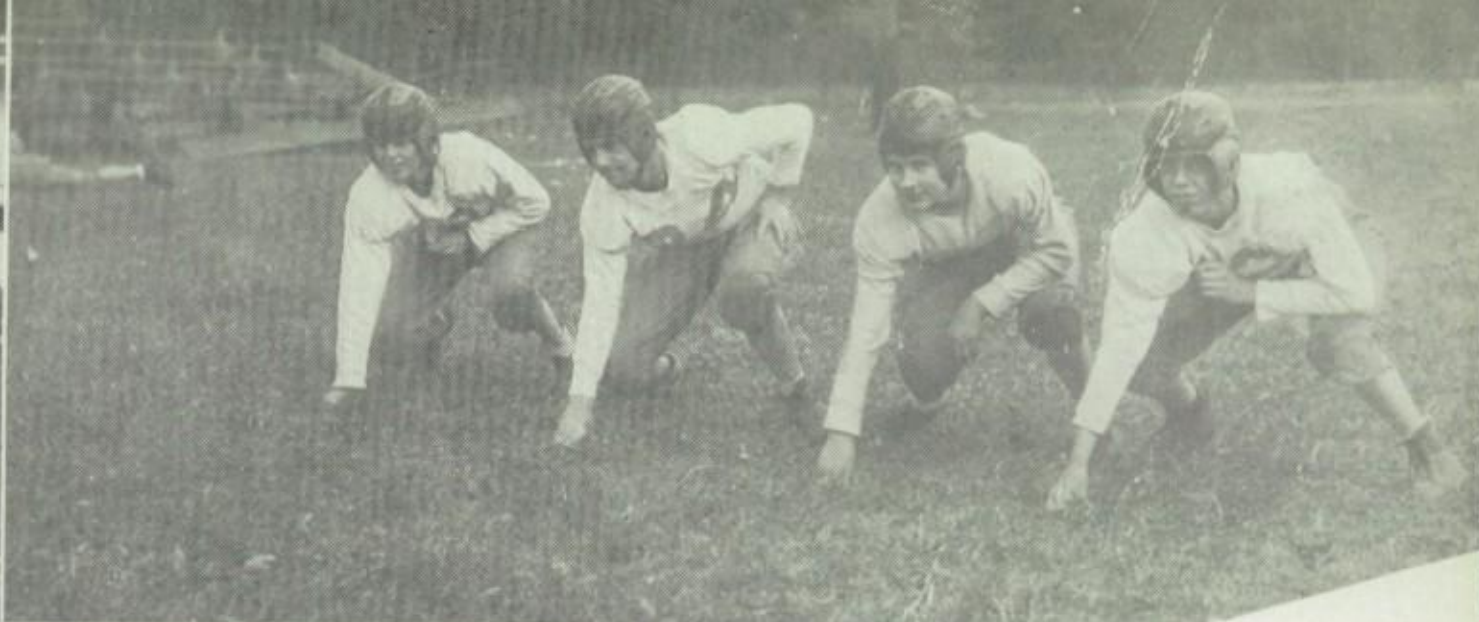
Not pictured:

JUNIOR SCHWARTZ—Football, Track—a popular “born-to-fight” guy—now serving in the U. S. Navy . . . PHIL COSTELLO—Basketball manager—an outstanding award to a hard working Freshman . . . DICK BYRD—Track manager—another Frosh who deserves a lot of credit for aching muscles.

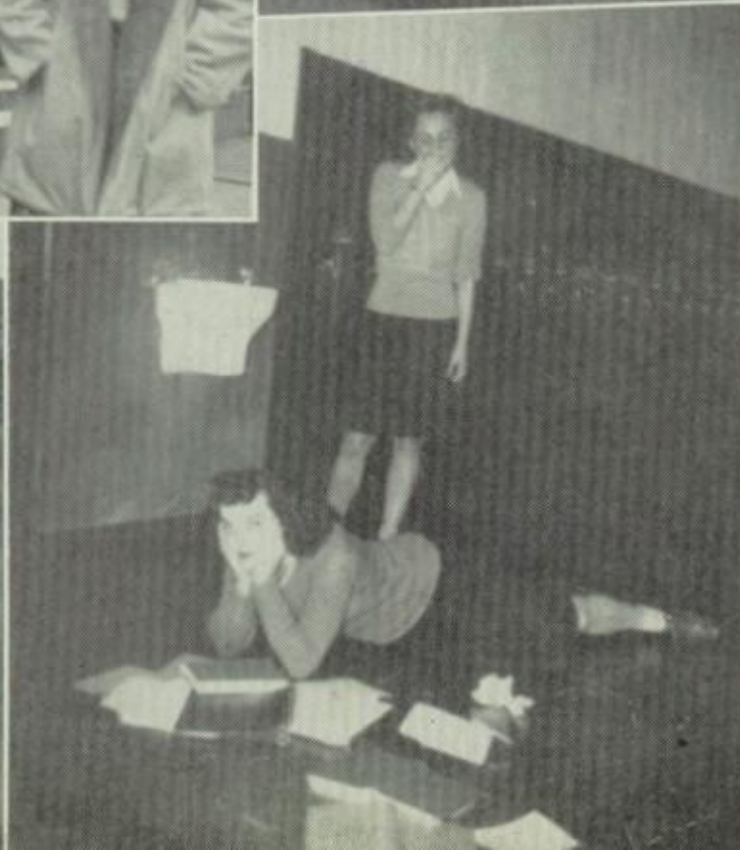


First Row: Charles Ault, Bob Baker, Gale Baller, Garl Baumgartner, Ted Biberstine, Harry Brickley, Tom Byrd, Rex Coffield, Dale Reineck, Don Scharlach, Bob Skiles, Bob Smith.

Second Row: Merlin Dunwiddie, Jim Edington, Jack Edris, Bill Fate, Jim Harnish, Max Harris, Kenny Moser, Dick McElderry, Bob Stout, Max Ulmer, Forrest Woodward, Jim Zoll.

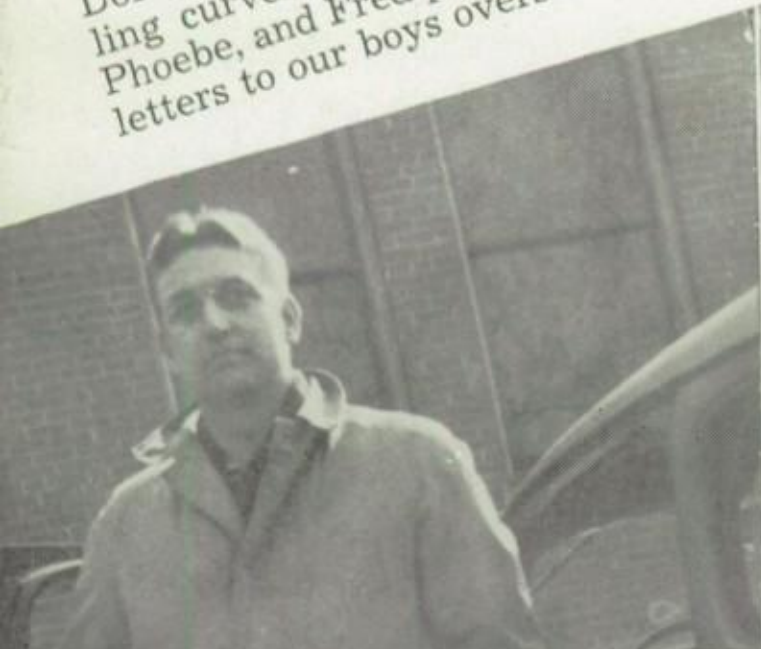


Ted looks mighty masculine, but Janie, Joyce, and Joe just smile—they know they aren't going anywhere! . . . Four tough Freshmen give us that "chin-forward" look . . . Hill goes patriotic in a V for victory . . . The first of the stampede when they were there! . . . Three cute fellows grinning on a non-workaday Wednesday . . . Gilliom and Sprunger with their harem—it's this man shortage, I s'pose . . . This doesn't seem natural! Is that Barnes actually looking at a textbook? . . . Janet's enjoying this, but Jean seems rather "low" in spirits . . . Jack Edris and Fuzzy Brickley coming out of their tree. (This was back in the Cav Man Days!)





Carol and Phoebe giggling over some old records they have dug up . . . Who says B. H. S. doesn't have its "Four Musketeers"—and look how handsome, gals! . . . Coach Dubois pauses before taking off for his Navy training. We've missed that smiling guy . . . Bob Smith caught in the aftermaths of a joke—must have been a good one! . . . One of our photographers gives us a camera special, entitled "Edris at His Best" . . . Janet and Jim.—'nuff said . . . Kennedy carried this a little too far, don't you think? . . . Mary Lou, Harriett, Dort, and Janie way back when. Note the start-ling curves in that ultra swim suit! . . . Donna, Phoebe, and Fred putting out one of Park's weekly letters to our boys overseas.



BUT WE ARE NOT SAD

We are saying goodbye. But we are not sad. We are looking in for the last time upon our childhood, for we must now face the world—a world of people who love ideals and truth and beauty, a world of people who are bent upon enslaving the earth, a world of people who are crushed and bleeding—so many people, so many paths to follow, so many decisions to make. But the world will wake up some morning and yawn to think of all of this. Perhaps even we shall yawn. We may be very tired then. But we are not tired now. We are young and full of ambition and drive and anger at a world where some people are intent upon letting truth die. Our men, for we can call them men now, will fight with that anger. Our women will study or sooth or rivet with that anger. But finally the anger will go. We will remember it, but it will be gone. And there will be a world of good people.

So we say goodbye to high school—but it is not that of which we are thinking. We have learned to love beauty and truth because of it, but we are not concentrating on it. Instead, we are saying goodbye to that old world, for we are of the new. We will be there to wake up and yawn to think of this.

So this is goodbye. Now you understand why we are not sad. We can see beyond the clouds to a glorious sunset. We can see our new world. We can see peace.

